THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXII.—No. 1586

MAY 8, 1934

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

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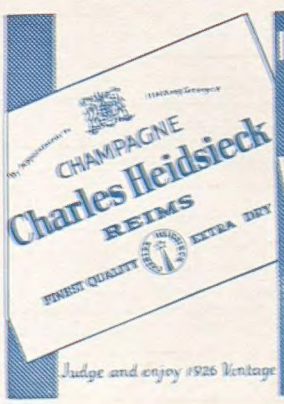

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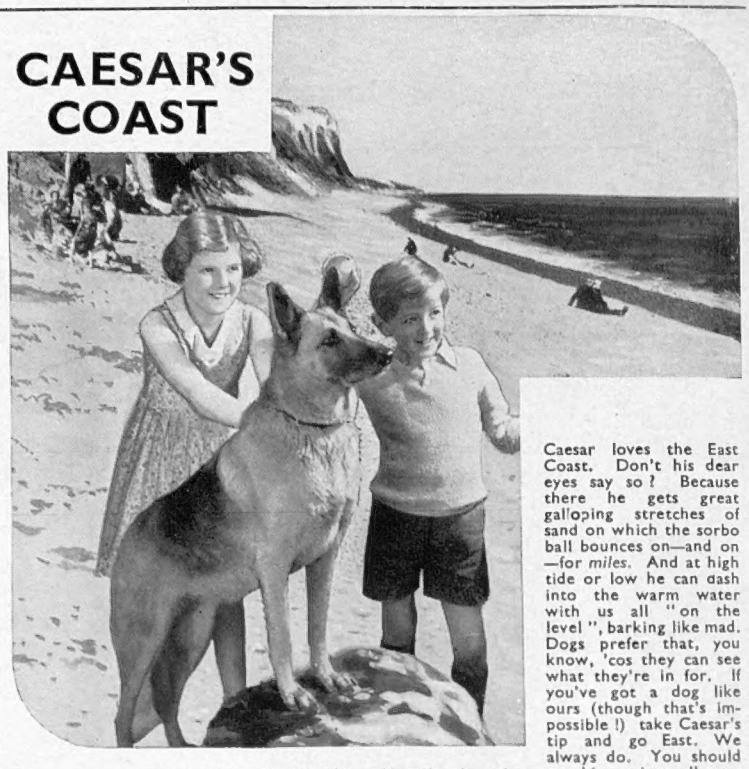

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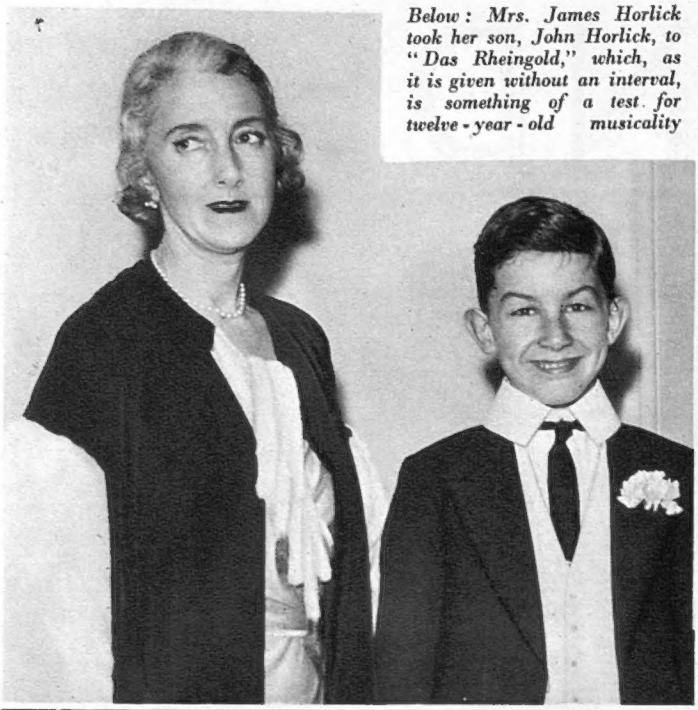
The Bystander, May 8, 1934

No. 1586. Vol. CXXII

The BYSTANDER

FRED ASTAIRE AND DOLORES DEL RIO

These two are part of the star team in "Flying Down to Rio," that girls-music-and-aeroplanes extravaganza of which so much has been heard, and which will be arriving in London for its première any time now. Fred Astaire has plenty of dancing in the film and, with Ginger Rogers, gives a display of the Carioca, the new South American dance. Dolores del Rio, paired off with Gene Raymond, is the "love interest"; she is one of the most decorative of stars



Below: Mrs. James Horlick took her son, John Horlick, to "Das Rheingold," which, as it is given without an interval, is something of a test for twelve-year-old musicality

Commander Locker-Lampson, the Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller, Mrs Theodore Wessell, her mother, and Baron Hohenburg were four of the large, but somewhat subdued, audience that went to Covent Garden for the second night of the season, and the opening night of the "Ring" cycle

Silence for "Das Rheingold"!

The First Night of "The Ring," at Covent Garden

Left: Lord Wimborne arriving with Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, who was wearing a long and very lovely spray of orchids

Right: Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger and Captain Geoffrey Courtenay talking in the foyer before the opera started

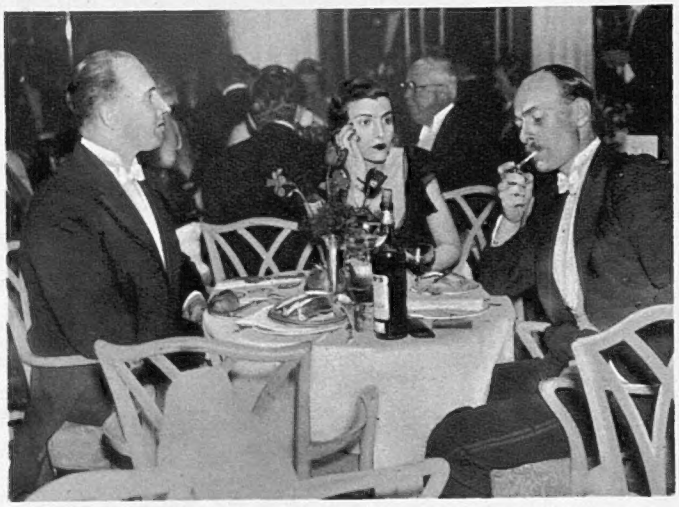
Left: Dr. Malcolm Sargent, back again in London after his long illness and more than pleased to be hearing music again, with Mr. Sidney Beer and Miss Diane Chamberlain

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg were two more of the audience. Mrs. Wagg is the elder of Mrs. James Horlick's two daughters

"Paradise"

At the Dorchester to see the New Girls from the U.S.A.

The Marquese de Portago was sitting between the Hon. Mrs. FitzGerald and Mrs. Boisevant for supper last Tuesday, when the Paradise Club girls first displayed themselves



Lord Brecknock, a regular admirer of the Dorchester's series of American beauties, went to pass judgment on the latest consignment, and was with Capt. and Mrs. Nigel Gunnis.

The Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward, wearing arum lilies as a decoration to her dress, and the Marquis de Casa-Maury, who was having a low-brow holiday from the high-brow film world

A party of four on the opening night, when the Dorchester was as full as it would hold, included the Duke of Marlborough, Mrs. Redmond McGrath, and Sir Robert Horne, who was cracking jokes, as usual

Lord and Lady Castlerosse, Baroness Eugène de Rothschild and Mr. Randolph Churchill waiting to go in to supper. The Castlerosses had come on from the first night of "She Loves Me Not," at the Adelphi

Mr. Anthony Hornby, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Mr. "Eddie" Tatham, Lady Veronica Hornby and Mr. Sweeny were in a party together. This was Mrs. Sweeny's first late-night appearance since her recent illness

Fresh Air Faces

An Out-Door Selection From All Around

Fishing in Wales

Racing at Lingfield

Above: the Hon. John and Mrs. Pepys went down to Lingfield for the United Hunts Meeting. Mrs. Pepys was Miss Angela Larnach-Neville

Left: the Hon. Ursula Vivian, Lord Swansea's eldest daughter, with the fine 20-lb. salmon that she killed at Parks Common, on the Wye, near Caerberis, her home at Builth Wells

Right: the Hon. Elizabeth Brand, Lord Hampden's good-looking daughter, was playing in the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Tournament at Ranelagh

Golf at Ranelagh

A Horse Show in the West Country

A picnic group in the car park at the United Hunts and Agricultural Society's spring show at Lechlade includes Capt. H. A. Jaffray, Joint Master of the Cotswold, Mrs. Jaffray, Mr. and Mrs. Wykeham-Musgrave, Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Gibbs, Miss Goff, Miss Mordaunt and the Misses Dearman-Birchall

Tennis at Bournemouth

Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall and Mrs. H. O. Hoppman, an Australian player, before their match, which Mrs. Whittingstall won, in the Hard Court Championships last week at Bournemouth

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 49. Ruth Draper

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

RUTH DRAPER went on the stage in self-defence. The daughter of a rich New York doctor of very good family, she found herself being asked so often by her guests and hostesses to do her piece that she took refuge by turning professional. One of her earliest sketches was *The Emigrant Girl*, and she was painted as such by Sargent.

Simple, generous and unspoilt, her hobby is giving charity performances, and her chief peculiarity is her genuine loathing for publicity. In London she stays at the Connaught Hotel. On tour she stays at private houses. She does not like a de luxe atmosphere. Every line she puts over is her own composition. Nor has a word of it ever been written down. Her memory is fabulous. Her health equally so. In twenty years she has never been to a doctor, and consequently never bothers to insure against her non-appearance.

IN appearance she is slim, dark and distinguished. Yet you would never guess she was a celebrity. Oh, yes, she has beautiful white teeth, too. Believing unconsciously in the line "She travels fastest who travels alone," she is neither married nor has a maid to accompany her. Except for a ten-minute sketch for a charity, she has never acted with anyone else—though this is not to say that she never will. If an outstanding play with an outstanding part came along—who knows? Automatically to-day she is the greatest star in the world, according to the experts. The public response to her is instantaneous. Last year she gave nine performances for charity at the St. James's Theatre. The receipts were more than five thousand pounds.

WHAT is the clue to her success? Well, her life has been shadowed with tragedy. Her favourite brother died. So did her favourite nephew. Perhaps it is that which has deepened her sympathy and enables her to stimulate the imagination of her audiences in so literally inimitable a manner. Perhaps her most brilliant performance is in *Three Women and Mr. Clifford*, which plays for over an hour. But what of *Showing the Garden* and *Three Breakfasts*, and her other forty-seven sketches?

Really, she is the ideal eclectic, fond of everything that is good—laughter, flowers, painting, music, children, books and the countryside. She likes people, too, unless they are photographers or interviewers. To-day, at the age of forty-four, she has a marvellously alert face which will still be young at seventy. As to her art, if the word had not been flung about with such wasteful monotony by a thousand writers, I should say, without fear or favour, that she is a casual genius. If you don't agree, go to see her at the Haymarket.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

THE week began all wrong for me, because I went to *Dark Horizon*, at Daly's, and did there a dastardly deed that still keeps getting me sore with remorse in the tenderer portions of my conscience. I mean, I went out into the night after the end of the first Act. I knew, from the notices, that Miss Lesley Storm's anti-war play kept its dramatic kick till the last scene, where bombs made things lively in a cellar; I knew I was being both hasty and impolite. But what with it being a Monday night, and what with the bunch of flat-dwellers and the way they behaved, and, above all, the things they said, I just felt that my world of clichés and theirs were too far apart for any sort of communion. I can only say, apologetically, that I take Miss Storm's play to be a sincere effort in the cause of peace, and that if her dialogue had seemed to belong to the stage and not to the pages of a novel, I shouldn't have disgraced myself the way I did.

THE next night's show, *Why Not To-Night?*, at the Palace, began in that yes-and-no style that has a way of making one think that the supply of new ideas for revue ran out somewhere in the Noel Coward era. The truth probably is that it ran out a good deal earlier and that the trouble with most revues is the sketches. If you can black out on a big laugh and go swiftly into the next song and dance, you give the impression that everything 's pretty slick and smart. Some of the sketches in the first half didn't seem to me to have anything to do with Mr. Herbert Farjeon, whose wit is too fastidious and agile to rely on old-time stories like the one about the sophisticated child and the mysteries of life.

The sketch about a divorce breakfast was a good idea, but it petered out through first-night mis-timing, and " Familiar Phrases," in which remarks like " blowing your own trumpet " were preceded by someone blowing a trumpet (you see the idea), didn't exactly strike a new line in subtlety.

Once you get past little drawbacks like that (and I expect someone's got past them by now with a blue pencil), there 's so much talent in the rest of the programme that you go home feeling very grateful to the Tomson Twins for their managerial lavishness.

To make two master-mimics into a team is generosity indeed, and a

Top: Marion Froude (Ina Claire), the painter with a purple past, whose proposed biography is the theme round which the play centres. Below: Leander Nolan (Frank Cellier) doesn't approve of an audience when sitting for his portrait, especially when the audience is as unsympathetic as Richard Kurt (Laurence Olivier), on the left, Warwick Wilson (Reginald Tate) and Melchior Feydak (Alexander Sarner)

" Biography," at the Globe

"Why Not To-Night?" at the Palace

Take your choice—blonde or brunette. The display of feminine allure at the Palace Theatre is provided by (left to right) Gina Malo, Polly Luce, Florence Desmond, Greta Nissen and Audrey Ackland

very pretty thing it is to watch Nelson Keys and Florence Desmond sharpening their powers of caricature on each other. Some of Mr. Keys' film stars are out of my ken (I 've still to see Mr. Schnozzle Durante), but his imitation of Jack Hulbert is just about the best thing of the evening. Miss Desmond not only replies brilliantly with Mae West, Greta Garbo and, of course, Tallulah, but breaks into the song-and-dance department with all the versatile assurance of the complete revue star.

Sex-appeal weighs in with three blondes—Greta Nissen, from Hollywood, who can sing and act not a little and dance very delightfully; Polly Luce, as decorative as her sister Clare; and Audrey Acland. A couple of intellectual ballets, Gino Malo's legs, a good deal of Ord Hamilton's rhythms, one warm-ish sketch, two neat Farjeon satires on highbrows and blondes, add variety to the feast of mimicry. Outside these pleasant ingredients are the three Diamond Brothers, who fall, fool and dance with such bewildering speed and brilliance that their act must be about one of the biggest laughs vaudeville has up its sleeve just now.

COMING from America with impressive reputations, *Biography* and Ina Claire gave me an evening's hard thinking at the Globe. It was Mr. S. N. Behrman, you remember, who wrote *The Second Man*, that very witty, unusual comedy which Noel Coward played in and was vaguely rumoured to have written. Now Mr. Coward was producing *Biography* for a management composed of the Lunts and himself, so that all looked set for one of those effervescent evenings which string you up to the highest pitch of comedy and play provocative tunes on every wire of your intelligence. As for Miss Claire, I took her for granted as the American version of Marie Tempest, Junior, for the only time I 'd seen her was as the slight but charming heroine of *The Girl From Utah*, which happened, with other musical comedies, in 1914.

Miss Claire, a bit nervous, perhaps, and not at home with the pitch of the house, set such a cracking first-night pace that I wish I 'd seen *Biography* after a week's run. The impression I got was of an elusive, indefinite, no-whither comedy, with an expert but shallow veneer of subdued wit and smart small talk.

The dilettante portrait-painter and promiscuous charmer whom Miss Claire plays with every engaging artifice at her command, never took full and substantial shape. She just hovered between the amoral Bohemian with a past well suited to the lurid magazine for which it was destined, and the wise, tolerant, unconventional woman of thirty-five whose love for the editor, an angry boor with a perpetual grievance against society, never suggested the coquette or the baby-snatcher.

Mr. Laurence Olivier tensely and truthfully suggested an underlying vein of tenderfoot unhappiness in this boorish young man and gave a clear, rasping edge to his rebellious code. It was this very code, I suppose, that made him resist the efforts of political big-wigs to stop publication of the biography, and not his sense of fair play and decent journalism. In the end, it seemed that the revelations were going to be quite harmless, before they got burnt, so all the fuss was about nothing. Which, in a way, describes the play.

Mr. Frank Cellier, as a stupid first-lover, and Mr. Sam Livesey, as an important heavy father-in-law and maker of prospective senators, form a solid, skilful background for Miss Claire's light and casual manœuvres. TRINCULO.

Nelson Keys as a typical dog—or, rather, hound—from the Shires

A Breeze in Court

British Hard Court Championships under blusterous conditions, pictured by Our Special Artist, H. H. Harris

Miss "Billie" Yorke, yorking

S. F. G. Lysaght

C. E. Hare

The Hare and the Tortoise?

A. C. Stedman

Betty Nuthall in great form

E. C. Peters

Kathleen Stammers

R. K. Tinkler

I. H. Wheatcroft gathering the corn

Dorothy Round

Young Players and an Old Problem at Cricket

By Howard Marshall

It was, I suppose, appropriate, and in keeping with our climate, that after weeks of drought the Australians should be robbed of their first practice at Lord's by rain. I dare say they would have been disappointed themselves if the traditions had not been observed. I hope, though, that the torrential downpour on that Thursday morning carried no omen with it. The reservoirs, they say, are returning to their normal level: it has rained enough.

Even if we are sufficiently courageous to expect sunshine during the next few months, it always takes a little while to warm up to the new season—to gather the threads which winter games have scattered from our minds.

I find it difficult, indeed, to think of anything but representative cricket; the Australian invasion has driven the doings of the counties and the clubs clean out of my head. We may, for all that, profitably consider some of the younger players who forced themselves upon our attentions last summer—players who give us hope for the future.

There was W. H. L. Lister, of Lancashire, for example, who made us believe, particularly by an innings he played against Middlesex at Old Trafford, that he only needs experience to follow in the tradition of great amateur batsmen. Washbrook, too, is surely a player of the highest promise, and we shall watch his performances with much interest.

Then I always have a liking for Derbyshire, with Townsend and Worthington, those splendid all-rounders, toiling so loyally; and young Copson, a fast right-hand bowler who made a real advance last year, in his second season for the county. Copson is worth keeping an eye on; we may find him in the Players' team next July.

Younger still are H. T. Bartlett, of Dulwich, and P. F. Judge, of St. Paul's. Bartlett is a left-handed batsman of exceptional power, and he will be up at Cambridge this term, and, presumably, in the Cambridge side against Oxford if he retains his form. Judge is an all-rounder; he did well for Middlesex in the Surrey and Derbyshire matches with his fast-medium bowling, and he should develop into a really useful member of the county team.

If Cambridge have in Bartlett a Freshman of exceptional promise, Oxford can counter with N. S. Mitchell-Innes, whose average for Sedbergh last summer was 109, and for Somerset, 50, which should give F. G. H. Chalk, the Oxford Captain, a certain amount of consolation for losing such players as B. W. Hone, H. G. Owen-Smith, and A. Melville.

Incidentally, we shall expect a good deal from Chalk himself, since he matured so satisfactorily last year, adding to his attractive stroke-play a soundness which stood him in good stead for Kent. And what an attractive side Kent would be if all her amateurs could turn out regularly. A. P. F. Chapman, B. H. Valentine, G. J. Bryan, C. S. Marriott, C. H. Knott, and Chalk—with Freeman spinning away after his three hundred wickets. And what a fielding side, too—with Chapman, Valentine, Chalk, and Knott all superlatively good, and W. H. Levett in reserve to Ames behind the sticks. If only Kent could find another Colin Blythe we might prepare to see Yorkshire deposed from the Championship at last.

Harold Larwood

The England and Notts cricketer going out to bat for Sam Staples' XI. against the Mayor of Buxton's XI. in a charity match at Buxton

Surrey are another team who need a sharper edge to their attack. In F. R. Brown a couple of years ago they had a potentially great bowler who has since lost some of his skill, though we may hope that the loss is only temporary. E. A. Watts, it is true, shaped like a valuable all-rounder—batting average, 39.75; bowling, 24.85—a fast-medium bowler with a good action and pace off the ground. Surrey were mainly encouraged, though, by the form of Barling and Squires, two batsmen who are young enough to make great names for themselves.

Barling has always been on the verge of becoming an outstanding player, but his naturally forceful and enterprising style was curbed, and he has had to fight his way through a period of frustration and disappointment. Left to himself, he would undoubtedly have blossomed earlier, but he hit the ball too hard, and pious hands went up in alarm. Now, perhaps, he will be free to follow his own road to success.

It seems strange, doesn't it, that anyone should ever think of checking a natural desire to attack the bowling, but then, odd things have happened in county cricket of late years. There was definitely a period of decline, with wet weather giving an extra shove downwards. As a matter of fact, the sunshine and fast wickets last summer came at a most opportune moment; not only did they help the county coffers, they also brought a spirit of aggression into county batsmanship which may mark a turning-point in the game.

Incidentally, it is significant that official experiments are to take place with a view to amending the l.b.w. rule. There is strong support for the suggestion that a batsman who obstructs the ball which turns in from outside the off stumps should be given l.b.w.; a further strain on the umpire, perhaps, but an added incentive to bowlers, without a doubt.

Among those who disagree with this proposition is Jack Hobbs, who maintains, as is, indeed, obvious, that to play a ball outside the off-stump, a batsman must move over to it, and that if it comes back and hits him on the pads under the proposed rule he will be out, although he is in the correct and natural position. This sounds reasonable enough, but it depends upon the motive you ascribe to covering up with your pads. If you argue that the development of the in-swinger is the sole reason why batsmen move in front of their wickets; if you declare, further, that the incontrovertible decline in off-side play is balanced by the corresponding improvement in on-side play, then you have at least a rational case.

There are two things to be said about it, though, and the first is that, if Hobbs covers up, he doubtless has a very good reason for it, but that the majority of batsmen are not so much concerned with the development of on-side technique as with the more prosaic attempt to frustrate the bowler by using a second line of defence. The second is that, in my opinion, at any rate, off-side play is one of the chief glories of the game, and that on-side play is an indifferent substitute for it.

It will be interesting, anyway, to see how the experiments fare, and I am inclined to think that in due course the l.b.w. rule will be amended.

Town and Country—Home and Abroad

Swaebe

Out Walking in Chelsea

Miss Primrose Salt and Miss Pamela Bird were out walking on a fine spring morning in Chelsea when they met the camera. Miss Pamela Bird is the daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Bird, and is to be married in July

From the Criterion to Portugal

Miss Ellis Jeffreys has been on holiday at the Palace Hotel, Estoril, as a change from the stage of the Criterion, where "Fresh Fields" had such a long success

A Tall Débutante

Right: Miss Marie Macrae Smith is the tall and good-looking daughter of Mrs. Richmond Temple, who is giving a dance for her at Claridge's on Thursday week

Young Marrieds

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Dundas were on their way to lunch at Punch's. He is Sir Philip Dundas's brother; she was Miss Isabel Goring, was married last summer, and is being presented on her marriage by Lady Titchfield

Two Sisters in Piccadilly

Miss Elizabeth and Miss Valerie Brooke, the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak's two younger daughters, are an attractive-looking couple. They are twenty-one and nineteen respectively. Their elder sister is Lady Inchcape; she and Miss Valerie Brooke are the most alike of the three sisters

Right: Lady Haddington, her mother, Mrs. G. W. Cook, and her sister, Miss Audrey Cook, at Mellerstane. Lady Haddington had a daughter not long ago

Arthur Owen

Family Group in Scotland

Well Chosen

Five Attractive Brides-to-Be

Left : Miss Pamela Baker, only daughter of Mr. Charles J. Baker, of Letcombe Manor, Wantage, is engaged to her brother-in-law-by-marriage, Viscount Bridport. Her brother, Mr. David Baker, married Lord Bridport's sister, the Hon. Eileen Hood, last summer

Lenare

Miss Pamela Baker

Bertram Park

The Hon. Brenda Pearson

Above : the Hon. Brenda Pearson, Lord Cowdray's fourth sister, and Mr. Paul Willert, only son of Sir Arthur and Lady Willert, of Headington Hill, Oxford, are to be married on June 11, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Below : Miss Vida Cuthbert is the daughter of the late Captain James Cuthbert, Scots Guards, and Lady Rayleigh, and announced her engagement to Viscount Clive, the Earl of Powis's only son, in April

Tunbridge

Miss Vida Cuthbert

Bassano

Miss Elizabeth Birchall

Above : Miss Elizabeth Birchall, daughter of Major Sir John Birchall, M.P., and Lady Birchall, of Cotswold Farm, Cirencester, is engaged to Mr. Peter Scarlett, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Yorke Scarlett, of Fyfield House, Andover. Mr. Peter Scarlett is in the Diplomatic

Lenare

Miss Diana Savory

Right : Miss Diana Savory is the second of Sir William and Lady Savory's three daughters, and is engaged to Mr. Nigel Jackaman, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Jackaman, of Highfield, Slough. Her father has a place at Stoke Poges, and is Sheriff of Bucks.

Late Night At Ciro's

Above: Baroness de Sempell listening to the Hungarian violinist, André Baloch, who plays at dinner, and again later in the evening

Below: Mr. Brian Franks, who works very hard at his job at the Dorchester, is with the Hon. Mrs. Lambton (she was the Hon. Monica Brand) and Miss Dorothea Lyle

The Hon. Mrs. Barran, Mr. John Jordan, Lady Catherine Willoughby, and Mr. Charles Birkin were another quartette who went to Ciro's for supper

Below: Miss N. Tracey, Mr. Dudley Ryder, Miss de Burgh White, and Mr. David Tennant made up a party to have supper and to dance

Above: Mr. William Gardner and Lady Phyllis Allen looking thoughtful as they sat at their corner table. Five Tyrolean guides are now appearing nightly, to sing, to yodel and to dance in traditional style

Left: Lady Milford Haven had three men to entertain and be entertained by her. Her companions were her husband, Lord Milford Haven, her brother, Count de Torby, and her brother-in-law, Sir Harold Wernher

Photographs by Swaebe

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Medical Crisis

A SAD start to this week's fun and games, sweet ones. Our merry little syndicate was all assembled. The fountain-pens were sharpened, the writing-pads were scrubbed. Each slender ankle was resting delicately upon the brass rail, each jewelled, manicured finger was curled lovingly round the cocktail-glass. The Work was just about to begin. When, suddenly, the terrible rumour began to whizz round the factory—Whooping-Cough. One of us was infected with the grim pestilence. It was our pet major-general, the one who does the whimsy notes on nurseries. He had been playing Ring-a-ring-of-Roses in a crèche in West Hampstead, and had brought the germ with him. From whoopee to whooper, as our Stock Exchange adviser put it, not in the best of taste. The scene in the factory was indescribable. Sirens blew, quarantine-cordons were formed, strong women bit their lips, men fainted, and platoons of doctors came sprinting in with hypodermics, serums, cotton-wool, and all the weapons of their craft. We have now all been inoculated and are feeling rather piano in consequence, especially as we have been advised to abstain from alcohol for a whole day. That gives you some idea of the stark grimness of the situation. For a whole day we are ranged up in the ranks behind Lady Astor and Isaac ("Pussy") Foot, M.P.

With a Heigh-ho!

WE went to a party the other night (we only had one ticket, but we managed to squeeze the whole nine of us in on it), and after we had spent a couple of happy hours at the champagne, we strolled casually through the rooms. Suddenly we stopped short. A lovely, well-remembered voice was singing "Ninon was witty, Ninon was pretty." We scurried about till we found the room, and there she was, Delysia, singing as she used to sing when we were boys and von Hindenburg was taking up such a very nasty attitude about the Channel Ports. It took us back twenty years, to Harry Grattan, and Leon Morton, and those revues at the Ambassadors. And then, after Delysia had finished, who should trip on to the stage but Nelson Keys, and he too brought a flood of memories—Régine Flory, and Arthur Playfair, and "The Optimist and the Pessimist," and "A Coupon for Kisses," and the ever-adorable Miss Gertie Miller, and a thousand more. Sitting on the floor of the ball-room, we could almost hear Mr. George Grossmith singing "Any Old Night," and the whistle of the leave-train, and the tramp of armed men marching to Victoria.

"They say they don't like blondes"

What Lovely Mugs

IF you want to see what some of the Grub Street boys look like, pop in to Knoedler's Gallery in Bond Street and see what Miss Cathleen Mann (often known as the Marchioness of Queensberry) has made of some of their countenances. You will find that sparkling Irishman, Mr. Robert Lynd, and Sir John Squire, the poet, "Beachcomber," the famous wit, General Rafael de Nogales, the last of the soldiers of fortune (he is a Venezuelan who commanded a Turkish Division in the war and fought against Allenby in Palestine), Tschiftely, the Swiss who rode fantastically and heroically from Buenos Ayres to New York, alone, and Mr. Cunninghame Graham, who, at the age of eighty-four, can pick up a Moorish rifle by the muzzle and hold it out at arm's length. You will also see the rather regrettable portrait of our colleague who does the book-reviews in this exquisite journal. We had always pictured him as a gentle, rather fragile, very sensitive creature—something between a briar-rose and a violet. And we confess that, had we known that he looks like a Chicago town-councillor who has cleaned up a packet in the contract for municipal tramways, we would have thought twice before we became his colleagues.

Jail-Slump in U.S.

STORIES of jail-attendance in America make sad reading. The situation is very much the same that often faces our theatres in hot weather, or just after holidays. People just can't be bothered to sit in their seats throughout a performance. And so in the United States the

"They call it a Genziana Macaulayi Rugifolia Fragrans—but, dammit, it's a daisy"

THESPÆANS

No. 32.—Mr. Seymour Hicks

SOME modern actors seem to be
Just tired old men at thirty-three
And look as though their lives are spent
In weary disillusionment;
And think it 's just not done to show
A lot of joie de vivre and "go,"
For humour 's often killed stone dead
When challenged by a swollen head.
How nice it is, then, when we meet
An old hand who thinks life a "treat."

Though Seymour Hicks is scarcely a
Young fellow, I am pleased to say
He still retains that spriteliness
Which helped him so much to success;
For sands of Time have failed to quench
A gaiety that 's truly French,
And still we 're happy to observe
A most delightful fund of verve
That puts him in the leading class
Of those who specialise in farce.

Though bed-room comedies, etcet.,
Are plays he shines in, it is yet
But truth to say that Seymour will
Provide us with a pleasant thrill
When playing Scrooge, that villain who
Still lords it o'er the tight-fist crew;
For all the leading acting tricks
Are known to clever Mr. Hicks,
And by him we set such a store,
Of Seymour we 'd see more and more.

B. W.

convicts simply will not stay in their cells throughout a sentence. They get bored, or irritated, or the warders get on their nerves, or the food doesn't agree with them, or the mattresses are uncomfortable. But whatever the reason, the result is that convicts are walking out on the authorities with increasing regularity, and at the present rate some of the less go-ahead, less enterprising jails will have to close down for want of patronage. As usual, the managements are blaming the severe competition of the talkies, but we feel that the real reason for the slump is more deeply rooted than that. We think that in the United States the day of the jail is over. There is no use hiding one's head in the sand. The criminal classes do not like being in jail, and simply will not stay there.

Dilly, Dilly

As we go to press we have heard no news of Public Enemy Number One, but we presume that the same old song is being sung wherever a sheriff can gather a posse of two or three together, "Dillinger, Dillinger, come and be killed." The Lady-Governor of the jail in Indiana from which Dillinger shot his way out with a piece of wood, usually sings the part of Mrs. Bond who "went down to the pond in a rage, with plenty of onions and plenty of sage."

The Doctor

MR. BERNARD DARWIN, the famous essayist and delightful golf commentator, has just published a small book about the immortal "W. G." Arriving just as the cricket season has opened, and the formidable Australians are with us once more, it is a topical reminder of a mighty personality. His feats

". . . and now, folks, Lubinsky sends his pawn crashing to victory"

with bat and ball are written down in history for all to read. But it is the little touches about his personality that we liked especially. For instance, when the Doctor was proposing to travel from Paddington to Cheltenham in the express, the station officials never dreamt of starting the train if the Doctor happened to be chatting to a friend on the platform. Everything waited until the great man was ready to take his seat. And it is recorded that, in later days, when he drove out into the country to play golf, the villagers on the route used to turn out to see the Doctor go past. Where are the men like that nowadays ?

Gentility Corner

THERE is a certain borough council in the suburbs of South London which is gravely concerned over its dignity. For it appears that some of the baser spirits of the district have developed the sordid habit of going round with a barrow on Sunday afternoons and crying "Shrimps!" Yes, actually Shrimps. No wonder you shuddered. We did, too. If this council does not take a firm stand for the decencies of upper-class life, who knows where the matter will end ? People will be crying "Whelks!" in Carlton House Terrace, or "Periwinkles!" in the august stretch of Palace Green (the last surviving road in London in which the wayfarer is not allowed to carry a parcel for fear of offending residential susceptibilities), or "Fishandchipps!" in the purlieus of the Eatons and the Cheshams. And from crying Fishandchipps in S.W., to preaching Bolshevism is only a short step. So let us all shout, in rather French style, "À bas les shrimps!" and, in the imperishable words of almost any politician you like to mention, nip this thin end of the wedge in the bud and scotch this cloud that is no bigger than a man's hand.

Chess Fliers

OUR prize for the week's most cautious statement is awarded to the Chess Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, and, out of deference to the traditions of that great journal, we have arranged that the prize this week will be a signed oleograph of the first Tory politician who described Free Trade as an "outworn shibboleth," together with a passport photograph of the only Tory politician since that date who has not used that phrase (the poor fellow has a stutter. That 's why.). To return to our gambit. In the chess championship of the world. Dr. Alekhine the other day used a dodge that had not been used for a hundred years. This so staggered Mr. Bogoljubow (whose motto, we believe, is that "a Czecho-Slavian's house is his rook") that he fell into a daze and spent two hours in making thirteen moves. But after this he woke up suddenly, and, our prize-winner goes on, "the remainder of the game was played at almost lightning speed." The important word, the one that copped the prize, is that "almost."

The Mot Juste

A FINANCIAL expert has recently been explaining all about the system by which our money is lent to Germany and then frozen so that we can't get it back. When we lend the dough, it is, of course, in liquid form. As soon as it gets into Germany it is popped into a large refrigerator and frozen hard. This is called High Finance, and is so high that it is far above your heads, dear ones, and even above ours. But this financial expert hits a nail pretty hard on the head-line when he prints a caption, "Business pure and simple." The first of the two adjectives is unnecessary, as we all know that business is always pure. But it certainly does seem as if our financial nobs are being definitely simple over these ice-blocks of boodle.

Down, Ponto, Put It Down!

THE unfortunate youth who has just been mauled by a bear at a "Zoo" in Kent belongs to that tragic class whose misfortune has been made eternally comic by Mr. Belloc. We would all love to sympathise with the poor fellow, but in spite of ourselves we cannot help giggling about the disaster which befell poor Jim, whose friends were very good to him. You will remember that they gave him Tea and Cakes and Jam, and slices of delicious Ham, and so on. But Jim had one especial Foible, which was to leave his nurse in a crowd. And he left her at the "Zoo" and Bang! With open Jaws a Lion sprang and hungrily began to eat the Boy: beginning at his feet. And you will remember how the Honest Keeper almost ran to help the little gentleman. But it was too late. Jim was dead. And so it is that those who are mauled by lions or bears in "Zoos" have Mr. Belloc to thank if they do not get all the sympathy which they undoubtedly deserve.

"And to-morrow, Miss Blount, you become a Mother Superior"

"It Happened One Night"

Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert's sentimental partnership in "It Happened One Night" is a great success; these two stars look like becoming one of Hollywood's most popular "love teams." Their picture, which is directed by Frank Capra, is at the Tivoli

"The Secret of the Loch"

Seymour Hicks, as the professor who believes in the monster, and Nancy O'Neil, as his granddaughter, are in the film about the Loch Ness problem which is being shown at the Monster Midnight Matinée at the Curzon on May 31st. The proceeds are to endow a bed for divers at the Dreadnought Hospital, Greenwich

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

THE British film public cannot be regarded as a unit: it might be divided, sub-divided and differentiated, but for the sake of simplicity we will give it only two headings. We might call them the Head and the Heart, or, if you will, the Serious and the Frivolous. No two films could more adequately represent the two schools of thought or feeling than *It Happened One Night* and *Man of Aran*, and both are pictures which will capture a large and enthusiastic public.

"IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT" depends primarily on "star appeal." Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert together for the first time! And a most excellent, sympathetic, and attractive partnership it proves. I never completely understood Clark Gable's attraction for the erotic, imaginative, and possibly frustrated, contingent among the feminine film fans until I saw this picture.

As leading man to Garbo and Jean Harlow, he exploited an unshaven brutality, masquerading as masculinity, with success, but his subsequent rôles have been deplorable and inappropriate. In *It Happened One Night* he has a part admirably suited to his particular talents, with opportunities for toughness and roughness, humour and even tenderness and restraint, and he characterises Peter Warne, the "fired" newspaper-man who gets a "story" by discovering the runaway daughter of a millionaire in a trans-America motor-bus, with assurance which amounts to effrontery, but also with sympathy, and, when requisite, restraint.

Claudette Colbert as the "poor little rich girl," whose arrogance and incompetence put her completely at the mercy of the man who is impervious to her powers of purchase, monetary and physical, shows an extraordinary development. In highly improbable situations she reveals a sense of character and intelligent expressiveness.

Various mishaps to the bus, and the voluble attentions of another passenger—Roscoe Karns at his best—provide the excuse for Peter and Ellie to spend several nights and days together, in camping quarters and on the road. When they share a bedroom, he puts up "the walls of Jericho,"—a rug strung on a rope—a theme, amusingly developed, which provides an excellent filmic climax.

This is pure, or almost pure, entertainment, comedy, romance, and star stuff, excellently presented by Frank Capra.

"MAN OF ARAN" is its direct antithesis. Made by Robert Flaherty, responsible for *Nanook*, the Eskimo film, and *Moana*, it entirely ignores the importance of stars. All the players are natives of Aranmore, one of the three barren, rocky islands off the west coast of Ireland. It depends absolutely on the power of the camera (and the sensibility of the man directing its use) to reproduce natural effects with beauty and significance, and the inherent drama of real—not reel—life.

And what a life! These islanders are always in conflict with the cruellest circumstances of nature . . . toiling to produce the barest necessities, potatoes, their main source of sustenance, grown by breaking the bare rock, manuring with seaweed, strewing handfuls of soil painfully gathered from crevices, hunting the huge sharks, which at one time of the year migrate through their turbulent waters, in curiously-shaped frail boats, at the mercy of terrible seas. . . . Storm and the raging of tremendous waves against rocky shores have never been photographed in their terrifying enmity to human life as they are in this picture.

The peasant players are remarkable, especially the boy, Michael Dillane, who, in spite of the predominating elemental interest, invests his part with character, lacking in the figures of the almost animal adult protagonists, with their uncouth gestures and articulation. *Man of Aran* is literally a tour de force.

Coming Events

GEORGE ARLISS, whose new picture, *The House of Rothschild*, gives him enormous opportunities to translate finance and Judaism into his own particular idiom, has arrived in England to play for Gaumont-British. The same firm have "signed" Jan Kiepura, who sang and acted so brilliantly in *Love Me To-Night*

Evelyn Laye, in *Princess Charming*, will be seen at the Tivoli immediately after the run of *It Happened One Night*.

Next week we will tell you what we think of Katharine Hepburn in *Spitfire*. The critics hail her genius. In England she has an enthusiastic feminine public, but men think her angular and ugly.

Mae West's new picture is called *It's No Sin*, and threatens to be a repetition in theme and manner, but there is a rumour that she is to play the Queen of Sheba, and that might well be interesting.

Looking at London . . .

By Day and By Night

Wedding Guests

Miss Islay Holland, Miss Merial Dalrymple-White, and Mr. John Underwood going to Miss Rosemary Villiers' wedding reception in Prince's Gate

Right: Miss Guinevere Grant, Miss Doris Craven-Ellis, as policemen, Miss Diana Mills as a newspaper boy, and Miss Pamela Kingsmill as a coster lad—so they will appear at the "Big Ben" Ball to-morrow night

Below: Miss Peta Davis and Miss Susan Henderson at the committee meeting when a group of Maidens of Honour were chosen for the appeal tea-party for the South London Hospital

Right: Mr. Strickland and Lady Marguerite Bligh at the opening night of the Paradise Club Cabaret at the Dorchester

Sasha

At the Dorchester

Miss Toto Koopman and Mr. Terence Philip were at the Dorchester to have a look at the new lot of American beauties

Rehearsing for the "Big Ben" Ball

Below: a supper-party at Monseigneur that included Captain "Flash" Kellett and Lady Blanche Douglas, and, somewhere in the background, Mrs. Kellett and her sister, Mrs. Geoffrey Pease

Charity Balls Depend on Debs.

Swaebe

Coffee-Drinkers at Monseigneur

GOING OUT

Mrs. Graeme Ogden was looking very nice, in black velvet and silver fox, and with two large white camelias on her shoulder, at a lunch-party Mrs. Eustace Storey gave last week

Mrs. Sidney Emmanuel was at the Embassy when this picture was made

"Baby Doesn't Know!"

Beatrice Lillie singing one of her most amusing songs at Monseigneur

LET me distribute a rosary of fond thoughts upon the débutantes, for whose especial benefit, probably, more than anybody else, this London Season is arranged. Heroically do they face the plethora of nocturnal amusement provided for them by anxious parents in such places as Sunderland House, Belgrave Square, and Pont Street—though I learn that Pont Street dances are sometimes dull; also that the cleverest débutantes are usually suspicious of an invitation which carries, as an afterthought, the words, "Small dance." As an aftermath there is other amusement, not provided by parents—though they would probably still remain anxious—in such places as the Florida, the Cuba, et cet.

COVENT GARDEN'S brilliant opening was more than enhanced by the courage of Sir Thomas Beecham, who has temporarily silenced the rookery, as one may term the chatterboxes, who regard the opera season as an extra conversational outlet, to the accompaniment of some music. Besides the list of distinguished persons present (some of whom I will announce later), there were the usual operatic adepts, such as the elderly gentleman who goes soundly to sleep, nursing his opera-hat, Edwardian era vintage; the old lady who would win the rustling of programmes championship; the maidens full of soul and sentiment, waiting for their hearts to be pierced with Wagnerian motifs. And then the great moment when the lights come on in the interval! Such remarks as "Is my wig on straight?" "The Duchess does not look so good to-night" can often be heard.

BUT Mr. Geoffrey Toye is proving a fine C.-in-C., the singing is magnificent, so let us praise, and not quibble. Lady Cunard is in charge of "the Faithful" in the omnibus box; they rally round so loyally and punctually that there is no need for her to blow Siegfried's horn in the interval to get them away from the bar. Lord Moore, Lord Berners, Lord Ivor Churchill, that charmingly decorative Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald, Miss Rosemary Peto, and Lady Caroline Paget are often in her party. The King and Queen of Siam, whose motor-cars attract great attention, with their flags and colour, were at the opening performance.

THERE is a third batch of "Les Girls" at the Dorchester; they flicked their sex-appealing ways in the faces of almost seven hundred members and guests of Punch's Club, on the occasion of "Arthur's" sixtieth birthday. But I do not think they have much up on "Les Walküre," at Covent Garden (or Beecham's young ladies), for these were chosen for their shapely legs as well as for their vocal capabilities. At the Punch's party, Lord Tennyson introduced his bride to many of his friends; it has been suggested that the title of his book be changed to *From Verse to Better*, instead of "to Worse"; for she is very charming. The Barnatos had a party, some of whom were rather unfamiliar faces—Mr. Dale Bourn, Mrs. Tom Mills, and the Philip Legros. Mr. Frazier Jelke was in charge of the juveniles—his son, his daughter-in-law, Miss Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes, dressed to look like Mae West, and Miss Jean Salmond. Captain Dennis Larking and Mrs. Felix Goetz gave an exhibition of accelerando dancing; there were about three hundred other people on the floor at the same time, so the turn did not get its due reward.

PRINCESS MDIVANI has returned to our midst, and does not seem to look very cheerful about it. Perhaps it is the thought that the polo team being

TO GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Left: at the private view of Lady Queensberry's pictures and designs at Knoedler's Gallery: Lady Moira Lyttelton, in a black fox trimmed coat and little red cap and eye-veil, and the artist herself, wearing a shallow red straw hat and a powder-blue suit

Tilly Losch dining with Mr. Ryan at Quaglino

brought over by her husband (though they have already been dubbed "Barbara's Boys") is likely to get a fair hiding from the American team, Aiken, which looks like carrying all before it, with such a player as Mr. Boeseke, handicap 10, as the star. Aiken has been distinguishing itself at the Beaufort Polo Club, which provides the prelude to the regular polo season.

THE "dollar Princess" was at the Café de Paris one night, and is sure to go there this week to hear Sophie Tucker, who has had a slimming cure, and looks like it. Ciro's has got its Tyrolean Yodellers, discovered by Captain "Tommy" Graves, and Lady Morvyth Benson at Kitzbühl. Lady Milbanke is back again at the helm, which responds very readily to her guidance. At the Embassy, Ina Claire, Prince Lichtenstein, and Schiaparelli ("Skap," to her friends) were probably discussing the latest models of the last-named, who is over here producing the spring collection. Another "spring collection" will be on show at the Café de la Paix to-morrow night, when Mr. Mark Ogilvy-Grant is giving a fancy-dress party. Half his friends have taken mighty oaths to dress up and be judged by Mrs. Grace Ansell, who is presenting prizes to the best of them, and the other half, who won't dress up, are being allowed to go and see the fun.

THERE is a quick-fire American play at the Adelphi—*She Loves Me Not*—which drew to its first night Lord Castlerosse, King George of Greece, Miss Toto Koopman (who made a remarkably quick return from Paris to be in time for it), Lord Lurgan, Mrs. Somerset Maugham (who reports good news of her daughter, Lisa), and two artists who certainly look the part—George Belcher and Maurice Codner.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

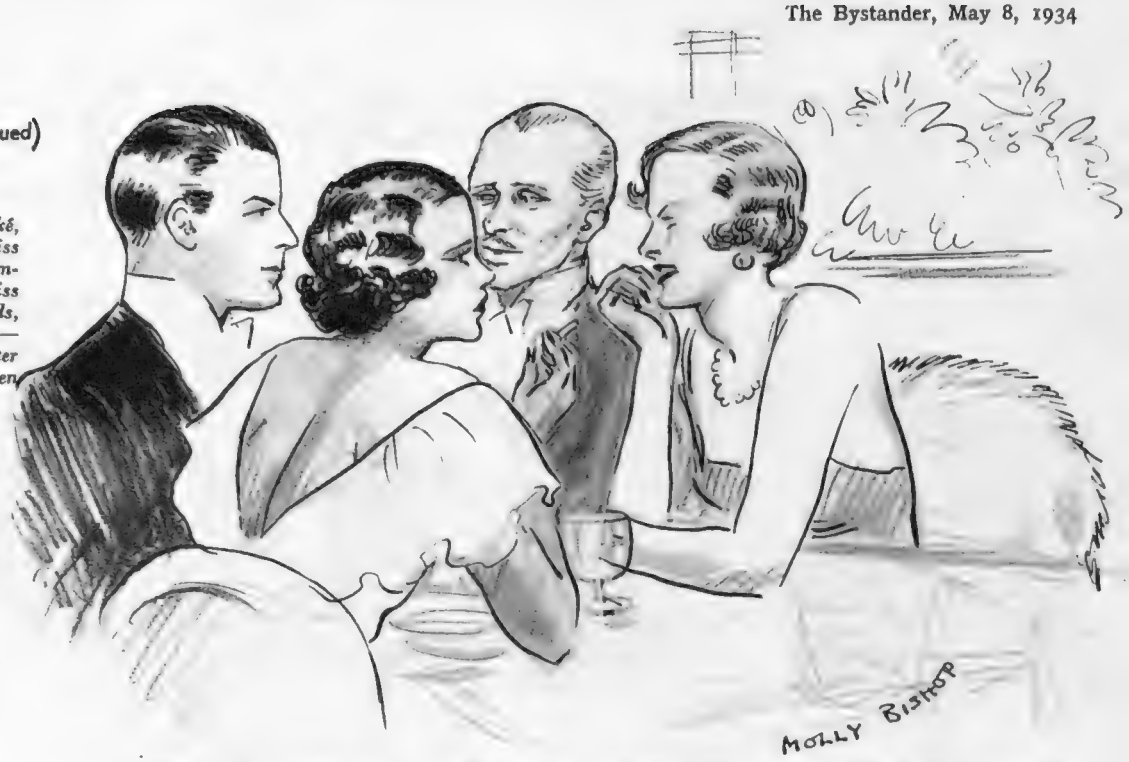
AT the private view of Cathleen Mann's pictures at Knoedler's Galleries, we saw some interesting modern art. The artist has undoubtedly a very vivid imagination and a wonderful eye for colour. Lady Alexandra Haig came with Miss Constantia Rumbold to have a look at herself hanging on the wall. Major "Fruity" Metcalfe was talking to Mrs. James Beck, attractive in navy blue; and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger stood for some considerable time gazing at the picture of her small daughter, Zoë. Lady Dashwood, very chic in black and white, spent some time looking at the Shell poster design of West Wycombe. Lady Knollys and Mrs. Ray Atherton were together. Lady Bridget Poulett was there, of course, and talked more to the Press photographers, who were enquiring where she had been and where she would next be, than to anybody else. Mr. Anthony Asquith was the only person who looked really interested in the art for art's sake, and, of course, the artist herself. The most attractive things at the show were the costume designs for *Chu Chin Chow*, which is shortly to be produced by Gaumont-British. It 's a pity the film will only be black and white, because, there again, the artist's flair for colour is the chief attraction.

LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE was seen here, there and everywhere in London one day not so very long ago, and included in her programme a lunch at the Ritz, with a boy-friend, eventually fetching up at the Savoy in the evening with her husband. Mrs. Frank Belville was there, too, in a different party, and wearing a white chiffon dress with a black sash. To say she is good-looking is to put it mildly. Sir Gifford and Lady Fox we also saw. She was wearing the most lovely diamond necklace and, for the rest, the usual clothes that women

Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton dancing together at the Embassy. She, very soignée, as usual, was wearing a black dress, with an attractive cape made of pink carnations

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hanké, Mr. Eskdale Fishburn and Miss Bunting Stephenson were at the Embassy together. Mrs. Hanké and Miss Stephenson, who are great friends, were a nicely contrasted pair, as usual—one dark and wearing pale oyster mauve, and the other fair, in lettuce green



A characteristic back view of Lady Kemball-Cooke, who was also at the Embassy

Mrs. Jean Heneage was one of the crowd at the Cathleen Mann private view at Knoedler's. She writes dance music and songs, and has already had some "numbers" published in America

wear in the evenings. In the same party was Mrs. "Mike" Henderson, looking more attractive than we have ever seen her. She keeps up the Brassey family's high standard of good looks.

At the Monseigneur the other night we bumped round the room next to all the youth, beauty, and middle age. When the floor was at its most crowded the Duke of Westminster elected to arrive with a party of six, which included his daughter, Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey. Of course, the great man could not be turned away, so a table was produced from the background (it must have been from very far back, because they had been producing tables for hours), and planted practically in the middle of the floor, just to make it all a bit more difficult for those bent on exercise. Lady Brougham and Vaux was tête-à-tête with Lord Altamont. The Geoffrey Peases (she in gold) were with Captain and Mrs. "Flash" Kellett, who haven't long been back from Africa, and Lady Blanche Douglas. Captain Bobby Jenkinson arrived late, with Lady Blandford; they took up a good position in the gallery, where they remained, eating, and drinking, the rest of the evening. The dance floor was not for them. Captain and Mrs. Ian Tubbs were in a party which was large in more ways than one, and particularly in height. Miss Kitty Archer-Shee helped to add to its inches. Mrs. Mary Booker and Mr. Teddy Hulton were together. She wasn't looking her best. She can be so lovely, but even the loveliest of us have our off days.

Others we've seen lately in our peregrinations round and about are Priscilla Lady Annesley, looking more amazingly young than ever; Mrs. John Barran, who, we fear, will end up a complete blonde if she's not careful; Miss Sonia Converse, walking into a well-known and respectable restaurant with a cigarette between her teeth, which is not attractive; Miss Jeanne Stourton, hatless, as usual, on her feet in the West End—this fashion may be an economy, but we don't altogether admire it; Miss Daphne Kingsmill, so much thinner, that we hardly knew her, and might easily have passed her by if she hadn't given us greeting.

MRS. PEEPS

Swaebe

Lady Marion Philipps, Mr. Niall Rankin, Lady Jean Bertie, Mr. Hanning Philipps, Miss Lumena Edwardes, and Mr. T. Davies were in a party at the Café de Paris on extension night last week

Mrs. Dudley C. Maddick
T. M. Ronaldson

Mrs. Gerald Wellesley
H. J. Gunn

The Duchess of Rutland
Dame Laura Knight, A.R.A.

Painted Ladies

Four Society Portraits in the Royal Academy

Left:
The Viscountess Weymouth
Edward Murray

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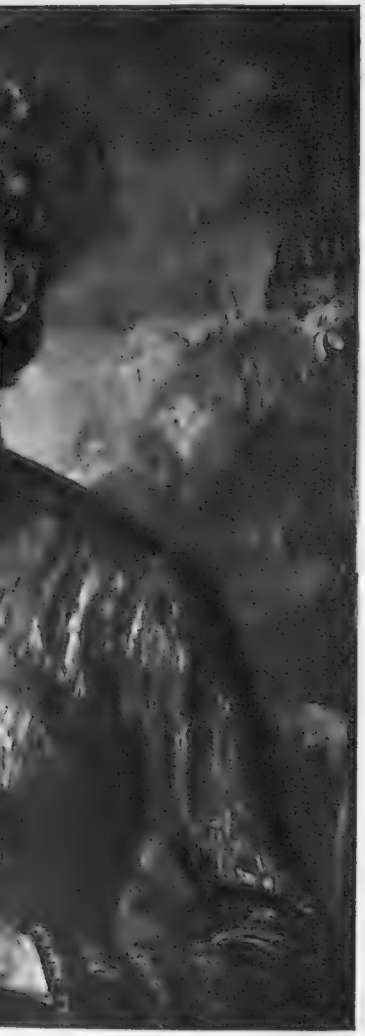
The Maidens. *B. Fleetwood Walker.*

Creatures of To-day

Costume Piece. *A Water-Colour by W. Russell Flint, R.A.*

ay. *W. Russell Flint, R.A.*



A Bevy of Fair Women

From the Royal Academy of 1934

Left: *Yggdrasil*
Gerald L. Brockhurst, A.R.A.

Right: *Belinda*
Lewis Baumer

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IN the uncorrupted days of its beginning, the London season is artistic enough, in all conscience. It opens its new-born ears to music at Covent Garden and its innocent, week-old eyes to pictures at Burlington House, before, its duty to culture done, it rushes off in a whirl of dances, horse-racing, polo, and the rest. Private View Day at the Royal Academy was last Saturday, and yesterday the crowds began their annual strolling through the galleries of Burlington House that ends when, the gay season over and forgotten, only tired tourists are left to creep out of the courtyard in the dusty days of August

The Green Necklace. *W. G. de Glehn, R.A.*

Dorothy Wilding

SUMMER IDYLL

Mrs. Philip Kindersley and her two attractive children, she in a spangled organdie dress, and they in their drawing-room best, make a most charming picture against a daisy-field background, sunnily lighted. Mrs. Kindersley is fair, and has the lovely Guinness eyes, and her husband is dark and good-looking; their son, Gay, who is four, and their daughter, Tessa, who is two, continue the family tradition of looking nice

A Racing Reverie: By "Regular"

Colombo's Newmarket

Miss Cecile Nevill and Mr. Michael Nevill at the United Hunts Meeting at Lingfield

THEY came in their thousands—yea, in their tens of thousands—to see Colombo, and we old gentlemen—yes, and our old ladies as well—who have come to regard Newmarket as ours by Divine right, hated it like hell.

IT was a strange Newmarket we visited last Wednesday. One's favourite haunts were peopled by a vast throng, out to do homage to the great Colombo. They wanted, too, to see Lord ("You-ought-to-be-in-pictures") Glanely, Tommy Hogg, and Rae Johnstone; but most of all they wanted Colombo.

WE arrived to find our favourite places on the stand occupied by a number of people we would have expected to find at the "Zoo" or on a hiking tour. It was all very disturbing, and they seemed quite oblivious to the inconvenience their presence caused us.

YOU and I, who race every day of the week, realise what a deadly serious business this racing is. These "trippers" had the effrontery to make jokes in the paddock, and, as you know, jokes at Newmarket are like jokes in church—entirely out of place.

BEFORE now I have been called an old-fashioned little thing, and a creature of habit, and I confess to a certain uniformity of procedure in my daily life. I never, for instance, speculate on a loser without descending to the night-club 'neath the stand, and if none of my rich friends put in an appearance, I pay for it myself.

IMAGINE, then, my horror when, after a singular piece of ill-fortune last Wednesday, I found myself debarred from my usual consolation. My beloved haven of refuge was like a bear-garden. Unsuitably dressed young men and insufficiently clad young women were behaving as if they were in a night-club.

PEALS of inane laughter rent what little air there was left. I found myself pushed here and jostled there, with no chance whatsoever of slaking my ever-mounting thirst. In vain I cajoled, and at length pleaded with these young hooligans to make way for me at the bar; they appeared utterly devoid of the respect or reverence due to one who has dedicated his life to the Turf. I was mortified.

I HAVE never been racing at Newmarket on a more beautiful day than on the first day of the meeting. The place was not uncomfortably crowded; the women looked grand, and, with a series of well-backed horses obliging, everything in the garden was a fair treat.

I SHOULD like to devote the remainder of this article to the victory of the gallant old Burnside in the Thurlow Handicap, but I must content myself with a few brief words. I trust I do not overstep the bounds of justifiable family pride when I say that it was the victory of a very wonderful old horse, in the colours of a wonderful old sportsman and a man who has devoted much of his life to horses. Sir Walter Gilbey really loves horses, which can be said of few men in this mechanised age.

HAND-CLAPPING and cheers are very few and far between at Newmarket, and, with the exception of classic winners, and a fresh record by Gordon Richards, I have never heard applause round the unsaddling enclosure. Old Burnside, however, was given a rousing cheer, and the crowd clapped him all the way across the paddock.

SIR WALTER, who was overwhelmed with congratulations, pointed to the Heath, where his old warrior has run so many gallant races, and said: "I'd like the old fellow to be buried out there, and I'd like to be buried next to him."

THE portly Viscount, Lord Castlerosse, accompanied by his Viscountess and young Master Churchill, paid one of his fleeting visits to a racecourse, in the hope of seeing his two-year-old, the Orby Lass colt, win the last race of the day. His animal ran right well, but was not quite good enough, and the race, fortunately for us backers, fell to Lord Glanely's Fifine colt, splendidly ridden by "Colombo" Johnstone, a happy augury for the morrow.

COLOMBO has won and we all breathe a sigh of relief, for I shudder to think what would have happened had he failed. The Mem, and many other equally foolish women, had exactly sixty times their usual bet on him, the prospect of a little easy money proving too much for them.

COLOMBO seemed to realise the responsibility which rested on his shoulders, and appeared to resent this wanton speculation by so many people who could ill afford to lose. He kicked out at all and sundry—so much so, that an old lady ran up to me and exclaimed: "Colombo's not a racehorse; he's a wild animal!"

Miss Annette Usher, Master of the North Northumberland, and Miss Lambton in the paddock at the Hexham Spring Meeting

Lady Haddington and Lady Anne Hope, and, behind, Lady Joan Hope, at the United Border Hunts Spring Meeting at Kelso

ONCE, however, Johnstone was hoisted up into the plate he appeared to forget all the silly women, and was as cool and collected as every hot favourite ought to be. At the post he whipped round twice, and nearly gave us heart disease, but Johnstone got him off well, and in the race he did nothing wrong.

A FEW people, who, until they saw Colombo, didn't know which end a horse kicked with (he showed them all right!), were disappointed because he didn't win further, not realising the disadvantage he suffered in having to race alone on the far side. He satisfied me all right, but in the Derby he will have to be at his very best to beat one horse, and that horse's name is Umidwar.

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

Wringing the Changes

R. C. S. Dick and C. D. Laborde, as a result of heavy rain, wring out their jerseys at half-time in the match Cambridge University played against an all-Eastern team during the tour in the United States

WRITING in the genial mood induced by the British Sportsmen's Club luncheon to the Australian cricketers, I perceive that already the biggest season of sport we have ever had in this country is upon us.

On Friday, for instance, there is the Walker Cup Match at St. Andrews; the Australians have already appeared upon our cricket fields; Austria have announced their team for their Davis Cup match with France on May 18; and the Australian tennis-players are here.

What a summer it will be, if, that 's to say, the weather permits it to be a summer at all. The real rubber-neck spectator will be in his glory, rushing from Wimbledon to Lord's, from Lord's to Henley, from Henley to the White City for a spot of heavy-weight boxing, and so the gay round continues. Not so gay for the unfortunate journalist, perhaps!

The Elusive Otter

Hounds and followers moving alongside the River Ray, at the meet of the Bucks Otter Hounds at Islip, near Oxford

BY the time you read this the British Walker Cup team will have been completed, and the omission of Stanley Lunt will have excited much comment, while those who plumped for Leonard Crawley will find that they have backed the wrong horse, perhaps because of his tendency to throw a lead away.

I didn't venture to hope that D. H. R. Martin would get in this year, but of all the golfers I know none has a more perfect temperament for the big occasion. Martin has no nerves: that is the impression he gives me, at any rate, and he is bound to play for Great Britain before long.

TALKING of nerves, the Cup Final presented us with some extraordinary instances of hysteria. There was the young Manchester City goalkeeper who fainted when it was all over; there was the Manchester City player who seized the lid of the famous Cup and danced about the field with it. I say nothing about the frenzy of the crowd. I only wonder whether modern sport, with its neurotic tendencies, is liable to benefit a civilisation which already trembles upon the verge of howling insanity.

If we are to have these great occasions, though, we must not shirk the responsibilities they involve, and I am glad, for that

Seven-a-Side Football in Aid of Charity at Twickenham

The Barbarian team which beat Richmond in the final of the Seven-a-Side Tournament. The winning side, seen above, consisted of B. T. V. Cowey (Wales), R. A. Gerrard (England), H. Lind, K. C. Fyfe, J. Graham, J. Beattie, J. A. Waters (all Scotland)

The Richmond team which lost to the Barbarians after extra time was played, which meant an exhausting forty minutes in all. The Richmond team was W. G. S. Johnston, P. Cranmer, W. M. Welch, D. King, R. A. Sayers, P. C. Hobbs, J. Megaw. The Referee was B. S. Cumberlege

Right: C. E. Hare, the nineteen-year-old player, who is showing the most promising form, playing in the doubles with H. K. Lester, at the Hard Court Championships

C. E. Hare

reason, that the Football Association have decided not to release the Derby County players who are touring with the F.A. team in Czechoslovakia next month. The F.A. team represents England, and will play Czechoslovakia and Hungary; and it is most important that the Englishmen should do themselves justice. Derby County are touring at the same time in Germany, and were anxious to have Cooper and Crooks with them, but the F.A. very rightly refused. As a matter of fact, my own opinion is that the Football Association should stand out of these foreign tours altogether. It is ridiculous to expect the Englishmen to play their best football on hard grounds in May, after a strenuous season at home. A tour of this kind does no good, unless you count spreading sporting hysteria abroad as a good action: it is much more likely to do harm.

A. A. Duncan, nearest camera, who made a century in the Oxford University Freshmen's match, going out to bat in the Parks with R. Pulbrook

P. B. Lucas, the boy champion, who made such a fine showing in the English Amateur Golf Championship, held at Formby

ANYWAY, there does seem to be a chance now that cricket will be played in the right spirit this summer. The recent controversy may have served a useful purpose, after all: it certainly brought us up hard against the fact that Test Matches had ceased to be cricket as the ordinary lover of the game understands it. And now everyone is scurrying round, full of good intentions—may the best side win, and all the rest of it, and I think this is more than the usual sentimental ballyhoo with which touring teams are always greeted.

I felt this strongly, at any rate, at the British Sportsmen's Club luncheon—a very successful affair. Surely no more representative body of sportsmen has ever been gathered together, and the Australians, I know, appreciated the sincerity of the compliment. Woodfull and Bushby, the Australian manager, made admirable speeches—neither of them is an orator, as someone said to me afterwards, but both of them are such decent fellows that they instinctively and artlessly say the right and appropriate thing.

INCIDENTALLY, the tenor of their speeches, and also that of Lord Hailsham, was a refutation of the suggestion made by a journalist that they were wondering what sort of reception they would have. This journalist had fastened upon a chance phrase and made a big story of it; I hope he was duly gratified by the trouble he stirred up.

I see no reason, though, why we should have any trouble whatever this summer. Everyone is in the proper mood, and I am convinced that Test Matches will be more like cricket than they have been for years past.

I AM left very little space now to comment upon the fact that in C. E. Hare we apparently have a young lawn-tennis player of unusual promise, except to say that, last year, I was told by a prominent official on the L.T.A. to keep my eye on him, which shows that the ruling body has a flair for discovering talent; nor can I expatiate upon the action of Primo Carnera's manager, who has insured the man-mountain for £30,000, in the event of any accident befalling him before his world-title fight with Max Baer this summer. I would add, too, that Percy Chapman appears to be losing weight.

Weddings of the Week

Davis—Phipps

After their wedding: Lieut.-Commander William W. C. Davis, R.N., and Lady Elizabeth Phipps, younger daughter of the late Marquess of Normanby, were married at St. Oswald's, Lythe, Yorkshire

Taylor—Joicey

Mr. Richard Taylor, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. T. G. Taylor's eldest son, and Miss Sylvia Joicey, daughter of the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Joicey, were married at Longhirst Church, Northumberland. The bridesmaids were Miss Selby-Bigge, Miss Luli Curtis, Miss Barbara Wilson, Miss Angela Joicey, Miss Audrey Taylor, and Miss Marjorie Dickinson, the trainbearers were Susan Cox and Arlwine Straker, and the best man Mr. John Hobhouse

Tunbridge

Tritton—Schweder

Mr. Ronald Tritton is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Tritton, of Langford Hall, Essex, and his bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Schweder. They were married last week at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

Black—Villiers

Mr. Archie Black, son of Mr. Adam Black and the late Mrs. Black, of 9, Somers Place, and Miss Rosemary Villiers, third daughter of Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Villiers, Royal Body Guard, and Lady Victoria Villiers, of Folly Court, Wokingham, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Below, circle: Mr. Colin Charles Rutherford, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Rutherford, of Powis Court, Bushey Heath, and Miss Hester Irene Cooper, only daughter of Mr. E. H. Cooper, of the Old House, Wimbledon, were married at St. Mary's, Wimbledon

Allom—Norris

Mr. M. J. C. Allom, the England, Surrey and Cambridge cricketer, younger son of Mr. Gilbert Allom, and Miss Pamela Norris, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Norris, after their wedding at All Saint's, Banstead, Surrey

Sasha

Rutherford—Cooper

Music (and all That)

A Book, a Pianist and an Au Revoir: By "Melos"

"THE century of the great virtuosi is over and accomplished," writes Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell in his life of Liszt, which has just been published. "How can they expect to survive when the mystery that must surround them has been dissipated by so many forms of cheap reproduction? We must be prepared, then, for their disappearance; and their place will be taken by universal competence. This is the case already; there are a hundred good pianists and not a single great virtuoso."

There is a good deal of truth in this, though Paderewski is still with us and Rachmaninoff is a virtuoso besides being an accomplished composer (which is much more difficult and important). One biographer (not Mr. Sitwell) said of Liszt—

> The Abbé Liszt
> Banged the piano with
> his fist.
> That was the way
> He used to play,

and left it at that. Mr. Sitwell tells us much more, for he likes Liszt and most things about him, and has written a better book in every way than his rather silly little book about Mozart. He is not afraid to say what he likes and dislikes in music, and can give his reasons. He does not content himself with remaining in the elegant drawing - room - of - the - 'forties atmosphere which both the music and the personality of Liszt always conjure up to me. Young Willie Walton and young Constant Lambert are his friends; he keeps abreast of the times in a wise and characteristically Sitwellian fashion.

By the way, I fancy plenty of our pianists have reason to be grateful for income received from those "cheap reproductions."

I WOULD put down Schnabel as one of those cases of a competent pianist rather than a virtuoso out of the Liszt stable. I cannot picture Schnabel wearing odd clothes and having an affair with a modern Lola Montez and writing operatic transcriptions and, least of all, becoming an Abbé. But he is more than a "competent" pianist, even if his fervent idolators make fools of themselves, and a fool of him, when they place him on a lofty pedestal and grovel before him.

Schnabel's faults are a certain arrogance and pedantry, which some people have done their utmost to encourage. In a solo recital these qualities may be assets. In a concerto they suggest that he is at loggerheads with the orchestra and the conductor and is out to rule the roast.

In a piano and violin recital they are fatal to any chance of success. I never heard two fine artists so unhappily combined as were Schnabel and Huberman when they played Brahms and Mozart sonatas at the Queen's Hall the other afternoon. There was too much of the pull-devil pull-baker about it, and I am not going to say which was the devil and which the baker. Each has too vivid a personality to be subordinate, and in music of this type it is impossible, whatever the position theoretically, for both pianist and violinist to be in the limelight.

"There's Margaret. Hasn't she a lovely voice?"

MOST of us know lamentably little of Oriental music. When, at the Comedy Theatre the other night, I listened to one of Udy Shan-kar's musicians picking away at a sort of mandoline, I strove hard to find some meaning in his apparently aimless wanderings.

This music seemed to be without form, and void. The general effect resembled, to borrow Mr. Charles Hands's apt description of another occasion, "playing on the canary's cage with a toasting-fork." But Mr. Shan-kar, a graceful and agile dancer, doubtless likes it.

Shan-kar à son gout.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM was wise to add, in a speech after the enthusiastic close of the last concert of the "Phil's" season, a prayer that the applause meant that the next season would be well supported. The veteran Royal Philharmonic Society has been through stormy times of late, but, thanks largely to Sir Thomas and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, the corner has been turned. Posterity must see to it that a bust of Beecham be placed beside the bust of Beethoven which has scowled at the stalls at every "Phil" concert for generations.

But the Sibelius Violin Concerto, well though Mr. Henry Holst played it, is not likely to prove a "draw" in future. This was written over thirty years ago, and I am not surprised that it has been neglected, for it is rather a tiresome work. One seems always to be on the verge of hearing something fine—there really are some good moments—but much of the music is not only pretentious but unpleasant. "Unpleasant" is the word I would certainly apply to some of those violin passages in the slow movement.

AND why, oh, why, does Sibelius almost invariably have such adjectives as "remote," "grey," "icy," "bleakly Nordic," and so forth, applied to him? Perhaps because he is a Finn and Finland is considered an Arctic sort of country, though the only time I visited it—in the summer time—it was extremely hot and I was bitten to bits by Finnish flies.

The afore-mentioned slow movement is as flamboyant as anything Tschaikowsky ever wrote, and some bars of it throb with the emotional fervour of Puccini.

Sasha

Louis Golding

Photographed in his library, author of "Magnolia Street," whose new novel, "Five Silver Daughters," is reviewed on this page

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Mr. Golding Goes Silvering

By A. G. Macdonell

JUST as the rush of war-books came in great waves, with long silences in between each wave, so it is with books about Russia. At the moment, we are riding, puzzled, bewildered, and with a good deal of irrelevant spray in our eyes, on the crest of an enormous wave of books about Russia. Almost all of them are downright propaganda for one side or the other, and therefore are quite useless. But occasionally one of a different calibre slips through. A few weeks ago it was Sholokhov's "near-epic" about the Don Cossacks. To-day it is Mr. Louis Golding's *Five Silver Daughters* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Sam Silver was a poor, mild, Jewish tailor who escaped from the Ukraine long before the war and settled in Lancashire. He had five daughters and was the centre of a group of theoretical anarchists who came to his house, partly to drink Mrs. Silver's tea, partly to talk anarchism, and mainly to adore one or other of the five daughters. One of the visitors, Smirnov, persuaded Sam to join him in a small waterproofing factory. Smirnov's talents and Sam's honesty soon proved a formidable combination, and the war, and its accompanying war contracts, made them both gigantically rich. One by one the daughters married. Esther married a rising young carpenter, who became a rich furniture-maker; Sarah married Smirnov; Susan, the fanatical Marxist, married little, dim Poleduik, a close friend of a Russian exile called Ulianov; the fourth, Elsie, after a career of music-halls and free love, became the wife of an incredible beautiful English bart., and only May was left. Then came the thunderclap of the Russian Revolution. Poleduik became right-hand man to Ulianov—now called Lenin—and Smirnov was financier to the counter-revolution. Susan Poleduik arrives at the ancestral village of Tcherkass, on the Dnieper, just in time to see her husband shoot her uncle and her grandfather. The firm of Smirnov and Sam Silver is ruined. Smirnov commits suicide, and Silver, after being acquitted of fraud, gives away his entire fortune to his ruined shareholders and retires happily with Mrs. Silver to their old house in Oleander Street.

Mr. Golding's pictures of life in Oleander Street, of the rise to fortune, and, above all, of the tragedy of the Ukraine in those terrible days of revolution and counter-revolution, of bandits, of murder and brigandage and torture, are brilliant. And through it all, like fire behind a pall of heavy smoke, shines suddenly and powerfully, the invincible pride, the immeasurable dignity, and the steadfast courage of Jewry. No pressure of Tsarism, no pogrom, no Prussian brutality, no financial disaster could shake Sam and his five Silver Daughters. There are many minor faults of story-telling in this book, and the Berlin scenes, though splendidly written, are quite irrelevant to the story of the daughters. But it is captious to say such things of a great novel.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes,

the famous author of "The Lodger" and other thrillers, whose new book, "Another Man's Wife," has just been published by Heinemann's

IF any writer of to-day knows his south-west of Scotland, it is Mr. George Blake, and he has reprinted, in *Rest and Be Thankful* (Porpoise Press; 7*s.* 6*d.*), some of his charming essays of the last fifteen years. (For the Sassenach I ought to explain that the title is taken from the name of a famous road which crosses the Highland Line at the top of Glen Coe and drops down to Loch Fyne, where the herrings come from.) Mr. Blake begins with some delightful sketches about Glasgow and then passes on to some "characters." Was there ever such a district for "characters" as Glesga and twal' mile roon aboot? Thence he wanders, musingly, talking to himself, as it were, to Ibrox Park, where the Rangers are playing Austria, to the ships, "big ships and little ships, tugs, tramps, liners, barquentines, coasters and smacks," that pass up and down the Clyde, and then he goes up into the high hills, to Dalmally through the Pass of Brander. There is a beautiful and moving description of a Highland burying-ground, "Soldiers lie here—generals and colonels and less—Highlanders who followed the racial trade of the sword and, for Saxon pay, won an Empire for Britain . . . all come back to old Kilmalieu in the end to lie with the ashes of the beauties they courted."

PIRANDELLO'S latest volume of short stories to be translated (as well as ever by Arthur and Henrie Mayne) into English is called *The Naked Truth*. How many plays, books, stories have been launched into the world under this idiotic title! Of this collection I greatly preferred the first story, and that is a very brave thing to say, because it naturally throws me open to the suspicion of having read no further. But there is a real reason for the preference. It is the old and very child-like, very primitive, joy in seeing villainy and avarice defeated, and simplicity and honesty victorious. And this so very seldom happens when the "highbrows" are at work. In this story, *The Annuity*, a poor old farmer of Girgenti, in Sicily, is swindled out of his farm and persuaded to sell it for an annuity of two lire a day. As the farmer was seventy-five at the time, and the farm was worth 12,000 lire, the swindle was a considerable one. But at the end of the story the swindler and the rascally lawyer were both dead; the farm had reverted to the farmer and he was still going strong at 105.

MORE nudity follows in Mr. Bernard Falk's biography of that extraordinary woman, Adah Isaacs Menken, the circus-rider who took America and Europe by storm with her performance as Mazeppa. Tied, in a scanty costume, to a wild horse, she galloped her way into the hearts of such diverse people as Heenan, the boxer, whom she married; and Dumas père, Dickens, and Swinburne, whom she did not. The Menken was a beautiful Jewess of unknown origin, and her era was the 'sixties of the nineteenth century. Her career was incredibly spectacular, and very short, for she died in Paris, in poor circumstances, at the age of only thirty-two or thirty-three. She was a strange meteor. Mr. Falk has called his book *The Naked Lady* (Hutchinson; 18*s.*), although the Menken, even at her most daring, wore more clothes than any Sixteen Dancing Girls all put together in these days, and he has made it a monument of careful research. Every source and every book on the subject seems to have been meticulously examined, and all the evidence has been weighed and sifted. It is, therefore, all the more unfortunate that Mr. Falk's idea of how to write the English language should be so lamentable. For sheer bad writing *The Naked Lady* ranks with Mrs. Amanda Ros, and the amount of irrelevant padding is incredible.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander"

by Madge Garland

BRIGHTLY-coloured flowers dot the black crêpe de Chine of the dress and the gloves, the coat is of black taffeta, the hat of stiff black straw. Ensemble from Victor Stiebel. Posed by Miss Elizabeth Jenns

F. J. Gutmann

BELOW. White crêpe with a horizontal weave makes this pretty frock which laces up on top of the shoulders with a navy tie but has large buttons down the front. Marshall and Snelgrove

EXTREME left, seated. This two-piece suit is made of canary yellow wool knitted in a ribbed stitch. The tie is striped in white. This can also be obtained in several other colour combinations. Debenhams

EXTREME left, standing. Very fine silk Milanese, absolutely guaranteed not to crush, makes this simple dress which is striped in black and white. This can also be obtained in several other colours. Debenhams

BELOW, left. A smart coat and skirt in a two-colour combination has wide revers and buttons down the front. It is made in several good colour schemes. Can be obtained from Fortnum and Mason sports department

BELOW. This novel pull-on jumper knitted in a new kind of cotton thread has amusing little rolled-up epaulettes on the shoulders and large wooden buttons in front. Harrods

A KNITTED jumper with no less than three sets of lacings, two at the waistline and one at the neck, is obtainable in a lightweight thread in a variety of different colours from Harrods

Suggestions for Summer Sports

Golf Clubs at Home

Captain's Prize Meeting at East Berks

(1) Major C. H. Tyrrell and J. E. Thorpe (Committeeman). (2) Col. P. Anderson (Committeeman) and S. A. Skinner (Hon. Secretary). (3) R G. Evans and C. H. de Sausmarez. (4) R. S. Ashford (Hon. Treasurer) and E. M. Eustace (Committeeman). (5) A. J. Ellery and G. F. Bright. (6) Rev. J. Conolly and R. H. Lawrence. (7) T. E. K. Cooper and E. G. H. North (Committeeman). (8) F. A. Mitchell and Harry Smith. (9) Dr. G. T. Gifford and E. Garnett (Committeeman). (10) Gen. H. C. Rees and Major A. G. Heales

A REPLY FROM THE SUDAN

19th August, 1933.

Dear Sirs,

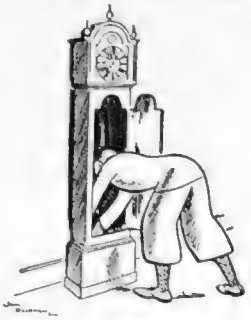
We, on the Abyssinian frontier of the Sudan, enjoy seeing your advertisements almost as much as drinking Guinness, and I thought perhaps the enclosed photograph might be of interest to you as representing where we keep our Guinness (until we drink it). The tree is a "Tebeldi" at Kurmuk. In the Kordofan the tree is used by the Arabs for storing water in; but that is only because they can't obtain Guinness.

Yours faithfully,

X.Y.Z.

One of the advertisements to which the writer refers.

"How do you keep Guinness in the home?"



"We don't—we drink it!"

Put your week's supply of Guinness into a reasonably cool place, and draw on it every day, not only for refreshment but for strength and vigour. Guinness is delightful and refreshing because it is so invigorating it also checks summer fatigue and improves summer appetites.

GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU

ORDER HALF-A-DOZEN FOR THE HOME

G.E.387.A

What's all this about Miss Enid Wilson ? By Eleanor E. Helme

The Lady Parliamentary Golfers at Ranelagh

Above: Mrs. Euan Wallace seen with the Hon. Mrs. Robert Jenkinson

Above: Mrs. Sassoon and Miss Grant two of the competitors waiting to drive off

Top, left: the Countess of Carisbrooke and Mrs. Hankey see their opponents drive

Top, right: the Hon. Esmé Glyn and Lady Rosebery photographed at the first tee

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THIS is an electrifying world; hardly have we breathed a sigh of relief because the Ladies' Golf Union Executive Council have cancelled the notice of the Open Championship Committee which forbade players in that event reporting it, than we are horrified to see posters announcing that Miss Enid Wilson's entry to the Championship has been refused. Imagine the effect on the ignorant public. Some ask, "Is it because she has won the Championship three times?" as if the Championship were a sort of Sunday School treat from which everybody must go home with a bun and a bag of sweets. Others say, in a hushed voice, "What is all this about Miss Wilson?" And the truth of the matter is that Miss Wilson is a journalist; that one of the papers on whose staff she serves (*The Sporting and Dramatic*) advertised the fact; and that, though the R. and A. have, by their own definition, permitted golfers who are journalists to write about the game, they have, "on the evidence submitted to them," held that Miss Enid Wilson has forfeited her amateur status. The evidence submitted was a copy of an advertisement inserted without Miss Wilson's knowledge in the usual course of journalistic procedure, of references to her work, and specimens of it, which appeared in the *Sporting and Dramatic*.

The thing is that the Ladies' Golf Union acted, in the first instance, like a veritable Meddlesome Matty, asking for a decision on a point that had not yet arisen. So they arrived at an impasse, where their only course was to refuse Miss Wilson's entry. They say that their Championship is for amateurs; they are bound by the ruling of the R. and A. The R. and A. say that Miss Wilson is not an amateur. But the L.G.U. went out of their way to ask the question. They did not tell the R. and A. that Miss Wilson was already a journalist by profession and on the staff of the *Sporting and Dramatic* at that moment, and now that they have been given those facts by Miss Wilson herself, the R. and A. have not seen fit to go back on their former decision.

Miss Wilson herself takes the disaster more calmly than other people are likely to do. What can golfers feel but uneasy if when they are following their perfectly lawful vocation, the L.G.U. may send up half the facts, without their knowledge or consent?

THERE is already more to tell you about than this page can hold, and Mlle. Aline de Gunzbourg's win of the French Close Championship, and Miss Enid Pears' of the Warwickshire must be dismissed with a laconic comment. What price our Girls'? whilst as for Midland Foursomes, Berkshire, Hertfordshire, Ladies' Legal and Ladies' Parliamentary, they can only be given their winners and left at that, respectively Miss Fyshe and Miss Boultbee Brookes, Miss Timberg, Mrs. Gilbertson, Hon. Elizabeth Brand (57 net at Ranelagh), Miss Dorothy Pearson.

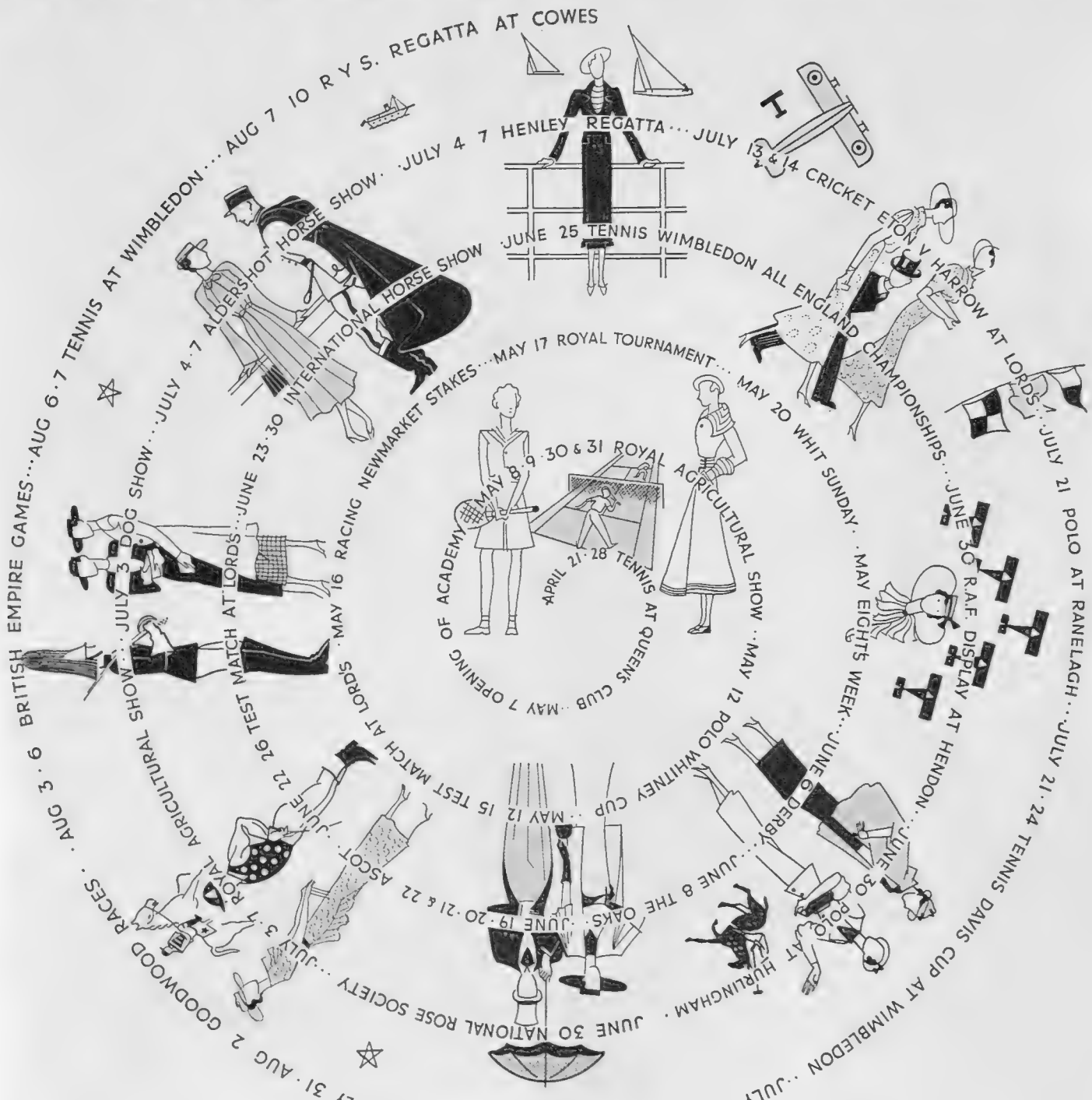
But a few words you shall have about the Veterans' Dinner, though their Championship must perforce be dismissed by saying that in Mrs. Cyril Beard they found the right Champion, and in Mrs. Arnot one of the most determined runners-up that ever went to a twentieth hole. If you want to laugh, listen to Veterans speaking after dinner. Miss Stringer had us all in giggles from the moment she began with "Ancient Lights and Rising Stars," in place of the usual "Ladies and Gentlemen"; Mrs. Garnham, Mrs. Rabbidge, Mrs. Lewis Smith, they all did their share, and not least Miss Cecil Leitch. For, with a perfectly solemn face, she suggested that her famous elder sister would shortly be eligible for membership. Whereupon, up rose Sister in feigned wrath to protest that "shortly" was not le mot juste, there being quite a number of years to go yet. And so we fell to comparing notes all round the room, we Brownie Pack, as Miss Stringer had called us, over how soon we should reach fifty years and Veterans' estate, and decided that it would be quite good fun when we did.

Miss Gourlay is Champion of Surrey again, and I watched her win her final on the last green from Mrs. Peel. A real good Championship, and Worplesdon looked quite enchanting. The Dahlia Hole is the Tulip Hole just now, and no less lovely than at Mixed Foursomes time.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

JAEGER *in the social whirl!*



Be calm. Keep a tight hold on your sanity. Jaeger, the Cochran of fashion-production, the Noel Coward of clothes-wit, was ever the cunningest hand-maid to vanity. Smooth your brows—and in your Bentley, roll smoothly and gently to Jaeger House. There, waiting, are vestals to clothe you in the most charming, disarming, resplendent, transcendent array of adornment that ever attracted the eye of the camera from Hurlingham—right through to Cowes!

JAEGER HOUSE, 352-4 OXFORD STREET, W.1 THERE ARE JAEGER AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN

Westminster Whispers: Un-Parliamentary Asides

By

"Big Ben"

THE air is full of wars and rumours of wars, wars abroad and at home. Members are finding it increasingly difficult to keep abreast of the stream of "latest news" which sweeps down upon them inside the House, and out of it every hour of the twenty-four. When they go off to their constituencies their anxious supporters badger them. What are they to say? Those who know can't talk; those who talk don't know.

GERMANY and France, Japan and Russia, the tinder-boxes are ready to hand. The great problem of India pales in significance. The Churchill-Hoare controversy becomes, in comparison, a farmyard squabble. The real danger lies in the secretiveness of politicians who think delusion breeds confidence and ignorance calm. Statesmen are never frightened of telling the people the truth.

INSIDE the inside of the Tory Party is pandemonium. The trouble, acute indigestion. The new national tonic won't be stomached. It makes the local associations sick. Men who have believed all their lives in the destiny of their Party are suddenly told their future, and the country's, depends on Scotch stew, Mr. MacDonald's brand, diluted by a novel form of Worcestershire Sauce with liberal seasoning—a guaranteed dish for any party.

SIR THOMAS INSKIP said in blunter words what his leaders have been hinting at for some time past. Sir Thomas has been blamed; most unfairly. He has done the Conservatives a good turn. Now they are on the look-out. Having already lost the Socialist and the Liberal votes, which they got at the last election, this Government is determined to lose the Conservatives as well.

WHAT about Colonel Alan Todd? The lying jade—not, by the way, an alias for a great daily newspaper—whispered it abroad not so long ago that he was to give up at Berwick-on-Tweed in favour of one of the nouveaux Nationalists. But Colonel Todd is not merely content to keep his own seat. He evidently wants to see that other Tories keep theirs. He is one of the moving spirits of the new British Movement which, if its pious articles of faith mean anything, means permanent Tory rule.

I DON'T know how many political organisations there are. They come and go. Some wither after the first sharp burst of publicity. Others labour on until they are suffocated in the conservatory of one of the three big groups, or die from neglect and starvation. The Primrose League, of course, stands by itself. It has an honourable tradition of work all over the country, and it has never had a more successful year than the last. Lord Dufferin, its Chancellor, has more than justified his appointment. In the future it will be impossible to neglect him. He has made a claim for himself.

LORD DUFFERIN is an astute young man. It does not follow, but most of the Primrose Leaguers are of the die-hard complexion. They prefer principles to palliatives and courage to compromise. But Lord Dufferin is not only Chancellor of the League. He is also Parliamentary Private Secretary to Lord Halifax. The President of the Board of Education is, we know, one of the keenest advocates of Co-operation. Lord Dufferin appears to have weighted his balance very nicely.

SIR HILTON YOUNG'S Bill to deal with the drought and water supplies immediately brought about a deluge. The Ministry of Health must have congratulated themselves on doing their work so well. Like the Young Nazi who, after Hitler had been in power for four months, pointed to the rising birth-rate figures as yet another achievement of the new régime.

I HAVE said before that the Government needs a good publicity man. Really, Mr. J. H. Thomas is just the man for the job. His broadcast speech was excellent; he is thoroughly at home wherever he is; I think I can say he looks the part. Give him a free hand and there is a chance the present Administration may win the next election. Keep him as Dominions Secretary and it is an odds-on bet that they lose it.

THE by-elections mean nothing, or, rather, they mean whatever you choose to make them mean. So far, the constituencies which have had all the trouble of finding a new Member of Parliament, with the exception of East Fulham, have been foregone results from the start. A by-election in Bradford or Sheffield would be interesting, and instructive.

MINISTERS may make or mar their reputations by the way they answer questions in the House. Sometimes Major Tryon is unnecessarily brusque. Mr. Duff Cooper's manner is bad. So is Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister's; how easy it is to forget that he is Colonial Secretary. Let them learn from Sir Henry Betterton. Mr. Runciman is the old style, "a little encouragement and you may be in trouble." Mr. Hore Belisha is so bright he is positively dazzling, and people dislike glaring head-lights.

MR. DUFF COOPER does do his bit at by-elections, however. There is not a by-election held at which he does not speak. He is the star performer of the Under Secretaries; Mr. Malcolm MacDonald is his only rival. It seems a pity he should be incarcerated at the War Office. I don't think Lord Hailsham is very happy in charge there, either. He is not a departmental man at all. There are always bound to be round pegs in square holes at first, but by now the right men should be in the right places. The Prime Minister is dangerously apathetic to public opinion.

Aggravating Jupiter Pluvius

Sir Hilton Young, Minister of Health, to his Parliamentary Private Secretary, Lord Balneil: "Didn't I tell you that we'd only got to bring in a Bill to fight the drought for the rain to come down in sheets?"

At the
BERKELEY
THE BUTTERY

Real Cocktails begin with

When London desires its modern luxury, but will not be without its traditional atmosphere of quiet perfection, it meets at the Berkeley.

There is this pleasant harmonizing of the new and the mature in the famous Buttery. For there Harry Botten blends the latest of his excellent cocktails, using Booth's, the only Gin that is matured.

BOOTH'S The Only Matured DRY GIN

Watling

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk"
Caricatures by "Jonk"

Marcus Quick
Signalling a rise

LAST week it was the rubber market where all the fun and games were taking place, as a result of the great restriction agreement. In fact, the market was so full that someone remarked that the only way of getting in to deal was by calling "Water, please, gentlemen!" Unlike the Jungle, where, incidentally, things have been quiet again, the rubber district doesn't get noisy when it gets crowded and busy. Rubber-tyred voices, perhaps, they keep there. Only when the board denoting price changes goes up is heard any noise that could be called out of the ordinary. Then a smart rapping sound, followed by a sharp blast on a whistle and a burst of cheers or groans express the reactions of the market to the new price.

MARCUS QUICK is responsible for the rapping done and the whistling. He has performed these rites for years, and for no other reason than that the board is hung on the wall over his seat in the market. Mr. Quick has been a member for thirty years, is an amazingly young-looking grandfather, and is a keen yachtsman. He is also famous for having the other day bought a car for the curious sum of 10s. 7½d. Someone in the House had asked, casual-like, for a bid for the car, the response was 10s., followed immediately by Marcus Quick, who bid "Over." This means, for the enlightenment of the uninitiated, the minimum bid of one-thirty-second of £1 (7½d.) over the ½ (10s.) already called. Mr. Quick soon re-sold the car at a profit, and we hear it is still going nicely.

JONK'S second picture is of Robert Garland, who has just concluded his long and faithful service in the House by retiring. Another four years and he would have been a "Father," which is an additional reason for regret at his going. The other, and better, reason is that he is regarded with great affection in the House; his old-school appearance and personality will be much missed. It is of interest that Mr. Garland, in his early youth, was a champion sprinter.

ANOTHER member who won a certain amount of fame for his activity as a younger man is Wilfred Nicholas, who used to be a very good oar. He still keeps his interest in the sport, and continues his sculling regularly on the river. He is another of the "Policemen" of the House; we presume he got his nickname because of his size. He is very popular in the railway market, where he is a jobber.

WE hear that Donald Haig, of whom we have written before as the Commander of the Sagitta in the war and the present owner of two Dutch barges, was presented the other day with a picture of a yacht converted into an armed sloop, with appropriate inscriptions referring to his Sagitta days. The presentation was made by Geoffrey Braithwaite, and took place at a small dinner that is held annually by Lowestoft sailing enthusiasts.

George Nicholas

Robert Garland

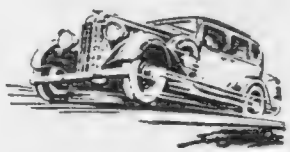
DURING the re-building of, or the preparations to re-build, the Bank of England, a considerable number of human remains have been found, the Bank having apparently been built on the site of one of the old Plague-time burial grounds. This explains the appearance of objects that have been described as "very like coffins" in the battlefield area inside the Bank walls. They *were* coffins, into which the bones were put before they were re-buried. This naturally set us wondering what gruesome things (besides oyster shells) might be found below the Stock Exchange if it were re-built.

UNABLE to answer our own question with any degree of certainty, we turned our attention upwards. It is now possible to get an excellent view of the Stock Exchange from the top of the Alliance Building. From there we were able to study, with interest, but without profit, the unreliable whimsies of the wind gauge. Even from these lofty heights, we could not discover how, as recorded by the dial below, the wind gauge is persuaded to veer and back so nimbly, so unaccountably, from N., round the compass to N.N.E. or N.N.W., or, for that matter, to any other point but that to which one has bet it will go. Nor can we even now reveal the secret of that frenzied squeak—fascinating to the young, abhorrent to older and more nervous members—which has from time to time engaged the attention of some three thousand or more men. We must be near the home of the squeak, but can come no closer to its origin than the groundlings' theory that it is some speciality of the Managers which they keep for particular occasions.

WE were, however, able to take a look at that mysterious being of whom one catches shadowy glimpses from below. Sometimes—an even more intriguing phenomenon—only his phantom arm can be seen waving to and fro behind the thick green glass of the dome. Prosaic enough is the unveiled appearance of this passer of dull moments: he is only a window-cleaner. Lastly, up here we have followed (with our eyes only) the approach-route of the waiter who is sometimes seen to enter the House through the roof. So ethereal is he that when he is in, he only walks round the top of the walls, and then disappears once more through the roof. We see him emerge again and know that in the meantime he has opened a window or two.

ROOMINESS

A luxurious four-seater saloon with space for a fifth if needs be. Deep form-fitting seats with real leather upholstery. Leg room to suit a "six-footer," with lots of head and elbow room. Adjustable front seats. Sensibly wide doors.



PERFORMANCE

Exhilarating acceleration that is remarkably smooth and quiet. From walking pace to 50 m.p.h. in just over 20 seconds. Fine turn of speed, the 14 h.p. model 65-70 m.p.h., the 12 h.p. model 60-65 m.p.h.

NO-DRAUGHT VENTILATION

Vauxhall's new boon to motoring comfort gives fresh air without draughts. As much or as little fresh air as each individual wants without draughts to other passengers. No more stuffiness and tobacco fumes.

EASY GEAR CHANGE

You can make a faultless gear change every time with Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh. No double-declutching—no feeling for gears—nothing new to learn, just some of the old, tedious things to forget. 4-speed gearbox. Silent third gear.

SO EASY TO DRIVE . . .

You feel completely at home the first time you take the wheel of the Vauxhall Light Six. Nothing seems strange about this car. All the controls are so light to operate that even a nervous, inexperienced driver just can't help driving well.

And Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh defies you to make a bad gear-change. No double-declutching, no feeling for gears—nothing new to learn. With Vauxhall Synchro-Mesh, whether you move the gear-lever quickly or slowly, *you are still certain* of a perfect, silent change. That's why it is called Super, to distinguish it from other Synchro-Mesh systems.

For all-round value there is nothing to touch this Vauxhall Light Six. A true stylist with its trim, modern lines and graceful fluted bonnet. Really roomy with comfortable seating and, as for performance, you have but to drive this Vauxhall to appreciate why it has proved the most popular car of the year. Any Vauxhall dealer will be willing to place a car at your disposal, or write direct for full particulars to Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, N.W.9.

VAUXHALL

LIGHT SIX—12 h.p. and 14 h.p.

STANDARD SALOON (12 h.p. model only) £195 *Sliding Roof £5 extra.*
DE LUXE SALOON (12 h.p. or 14 h.p.) *with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation and eleven other refinements* **£215.**

The 12 h.p. model for true Vauxhall performance at lowest operating costs.
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VAUXHALL BIG SIX—Light Six value on a larger scale. 20 h.p. Saloon with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation, £325. 7-seater Limousine, £550.

The English Golf Championship and the Walker Cup: By F. G. L. Fairlie

Overlooked for the Walker Cup

Stanley Lunt, winner of the English Amateur Championship, after being six down to L. G. Crawley in the final round

L. G. Crawley, who at one time looked like being all over a winner of the English Amateur Championship, but finally failed

As all my readers already know, Stanley Lunt, of Moseley, beat L. G. Crawley, of Brancepeth, at the 37th hole in the final of the English Amateur Championship, at Formby last week, after being six down at the end of the first round.

Much to my regret, I did not have the opportunity of attending this Championship in order to watch—I must confess it—L. G. Crawley play. When he reached the final, it did not occur to me that he would be beaten by Stanley Lunt. This must not be taken as in any way derogatory to Lunt's golfing ability, which I know to be of the very first class; but Crawley seemed to be playing the sort of golf he was playing two years ago, and at that time he was certainly one of the best amateur players in the country. Last year he had a lean season, but a lean season is bound to come to every good golfer, no matter how good. I had expected Crawley to rehabilitate himself this year, and even his defeat in the final of this English Championship does not take this feat away from him. Up to the afternoon of the final round, Crawley played that sort of golf which is not expected of an amateur: he played the game so comfortably and so well within himself that he made the hitting of the ball look automatic. No higher praise can go to any amateur golfer.

But I am a little disturbed by the way in which he won a few of his matches, and the way in which he lost his final. Some of his competitors managed to take Crawley much further than they should have; by this, I mean that, having established a good lead, he not so much allowed the holes to be taken from him, as presented them to his opponents. This is most unlike the Leonard Crawley whom I used to know.

After being six up at lunch, and having played as good a round as anyone can play at Formby, he lost his lead, even after being three up with six to play.

As for Stanley Lunt, I first met him years ago—I think it was at Westward Ho!—when he was playing in his first Amateur Championship. He was not successful in avoiding defeat very early on in that particular Championship, but he had a style and a way of hitting the ball which promised good things. I was not in the least surprised to notice that Lunt has done extraordinarily well in his native Midlands since then; he is a great striker of the ball, and obviously a great fighter, for most people six down at lunch would not have had the heart to make the rally which Crawley's mistakes allowed him to make. His stout-hearted finish in that second round does him great credit, and a four at the 37th was good golf. I should like to offer him my congratulations on a very fine victory, well-earned.

There is one point about this match on which I should like to comment, and that is that I have seen it described in various papers as not only for the English Amateur Championship, but also for a place in the Walker Cup team. This, as has been proved by the publication of the two names to complete our team, was always entirely inaccurate. It must be remembered that the winning of the English Amateur Championship—which this year has been swollen in size, largely because of the generosity in handicap allowed to entrants—is certainly an achievement, but no very great one. Victory in the Spring Medal of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, in the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase, and most decidedly in the St. George's Grand Champion Challenge Cup, at Sandwich, is an infinitely greater qualification, because of the strength of the field. Now, it is doubtful whether the English Golf Championship has in any way given a guide to the selectors of our Walker Cup side, excepting as to the current form of Leonard Crawley.

I am delighted that Lionel Munn has been chosen for this Walker Cup match, although I can see no real reason for choosing Eric McRuvie. I cannot trace any achievement of his since his defeat in the last Walker Cup match by George Dunlap, excepting to have his appendix removed. But there must be countless others with far greater claims, including Henry Howell, Dale Bourn, and a few like Leonard Crawley and Stanley Lunt. I consider that the Selectors have been guilty of a serious injustice.

Actually, I cannot at all agree with the nomination of two extra players. The Walker Cup side is a team of eight, and not of ten. I can see no reason why more than eight men should have been chosen, for there are eight singles and there are four foursomes, and if that requires more than eight, then my idea of mathematics is based on a wrong assumption. I could sympathise with the Selectors if they chose one or two reserves to be in attendance, and not to play unless the Captain of the side should think fit to include them as substitutes for some reason or another. But the actual selection of ten names seems to me to be fundamentally wrong.

Readers of this page will be familiar with my views on this subject, and will realise that my chief objection to the choosing of ten is that the Captain may conceivably be swayed by good nature into including all ten players in the match in order to give everybody selected a run for their money. I frankly think that this is a dangerous procedure, and one which should be avoided if possible, and I suggest that by far the best way of avoiding it is by not selecting more than eight. It may be argued against me that sudden illness may rid the side of one or more of its members. All that I can say is that the Selection Committee can avoid this danger by asking two others to be in attendance in case they are required.

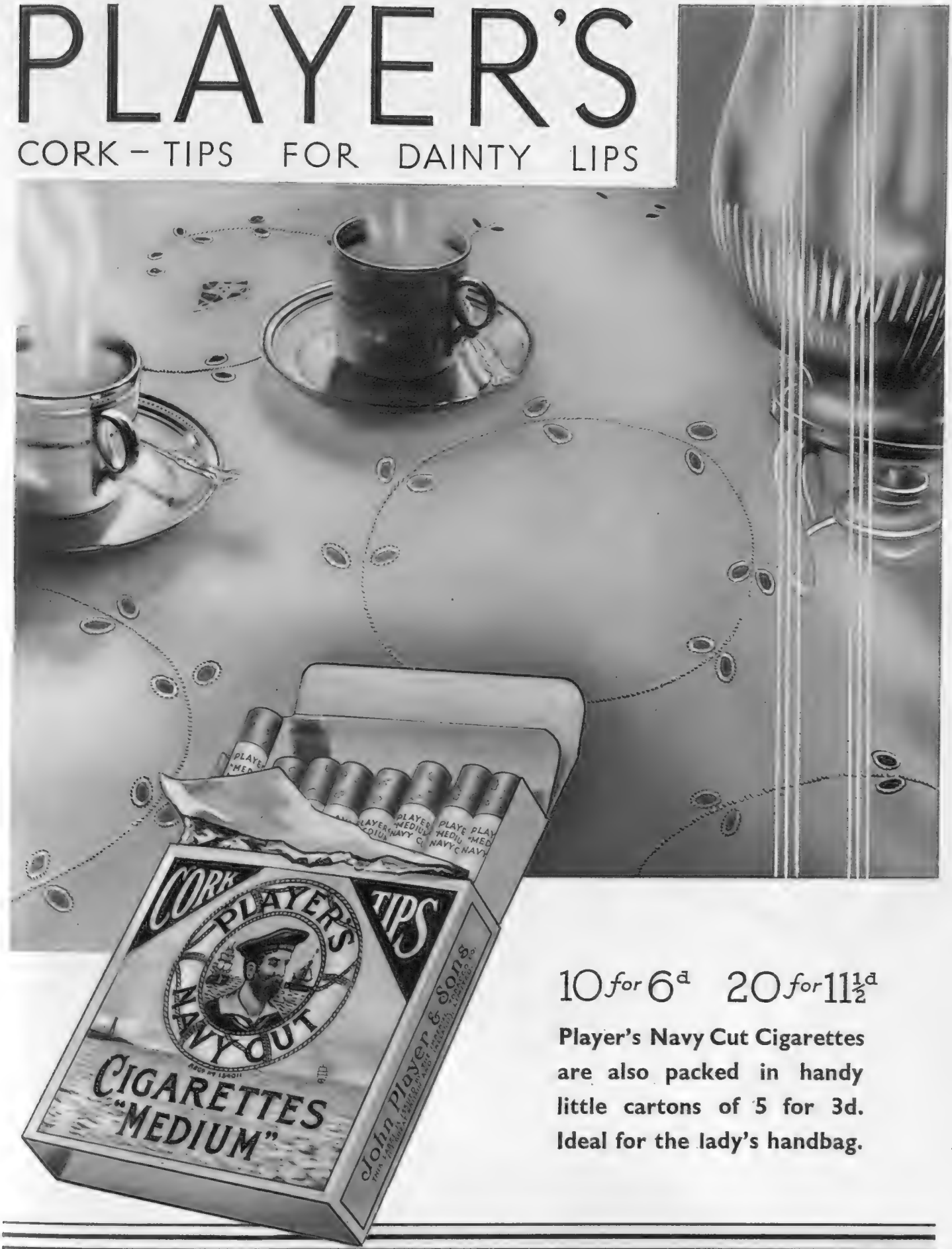
Walker Cup Choices

Lionel Munn, the Irish golfer, who fills one of the last two places for the Walker Cup

E. A. McRuvie, a determined Scottish golfer, another choice for the Walker Cup

PLAYER'S

CORK-TIPS FOR DAINTY LIPS



10 *for* 6^{d} 20 *for* 11½^{d}

Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes are also packed in handy little cartons of 5 for 3d. Ideal for the lady's handbag.

N.C.C 207.G. Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Flying is Cheaper

By Charles Ward

Rome Express—1934. Miss Jayne Manners, of the New York Midnight Follies, leaving England by air for Rome. Passengers arrive the same evening in time for dinner

A Flying Club Season

THE weather is fair—at least, it is whilst I write these notes—and new members are enrolling every day, so flying-club secretaries are convinced that a good season lies ahead. Commander Perrin, our distinguished contributor to the Special Flying Number published last week, referred to all the clubs in brief, whereas I, having more space and time, propose to deal with them in turn with more detail. Sywell, headquarters of the Northants Club, whose president is Lord Willoughby de Broke, has been born again as a new aerodrome. It is certainly one of the best club sites in England, and will serve equally well as a municipal centre for Northampton, Kettering and Wellingborough. The clubhouse itself is reminiscent of that at Brooklands, with a flat roof as a grandstand and a rectangular control tower. The aerodrome is leased to Brooklands Aviation, Ltd., so one may hazard a guess that their advice has been taken in planning the excellent arrangements for members' comfort. Flying is in the hands of a well-known at all aerodromes, "Tommy" Rose, who is guaranteed to give a "Brooklands" finish to all pupils under instruction. Colonel Shelmerdine, Director of Civil Aviation, Mrs. Shelmerdine, the Mollisons, Duncan Davis, and a large contingent from the Track and from Lympne, were present at the house-warming arranged by Lord Willoughby de Broke and the Club Committee. Some summer's day, fly to Sywell, for Northants, and judge the improvements for yourself.

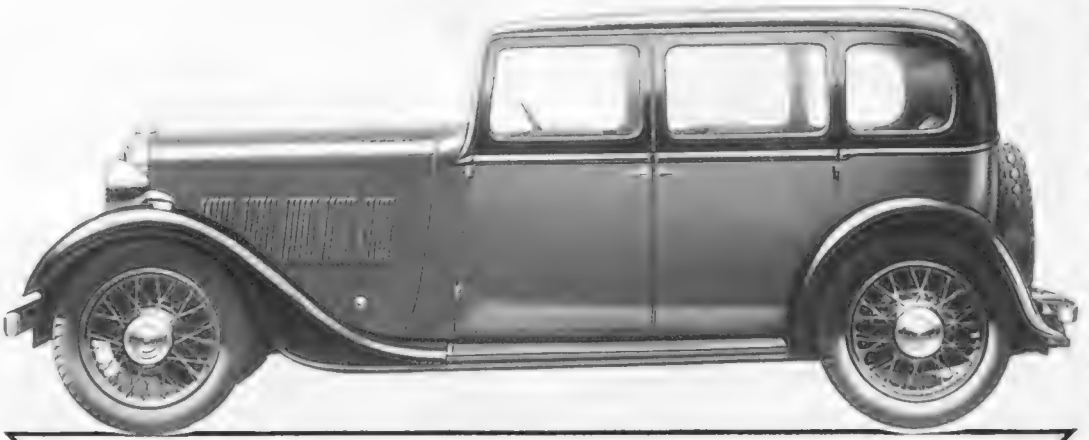
South of the Thames

ON the other hand, you may be south of the Thames and not wish to penetrate the murk of London or climb above it, in which case there is another pleasant spot where the props. are revolving once more—at West Malling. A new club has been formed, and the new proprietor, Mr. W. G. Laidlaw, has worked wonders with the premises of the defunct Maidstone Aero Club. The Clubhouse has been refurnished and brought up to date in the process. A squash racquets court is nearing completion, and will be ready for play at the end of June. The service hangar has a concrete floor and doors—this note for those who remember it as a draughty shed. Mr. L. G. Kirchner is in charge of flying, which costs 45s. an hour for instruction and 40s. for solo. Two Gipsy Moths are available, and subscriptions to the Club are three guineas for flying members and two guineas for others. There is no entrance fee at present.

(*Continued on page ii*)

ROVER

ROVER'S successes in open competition this season are no chance rewards. They are the results of advanced specifications—underslung chassis with long wheelbase, O.H.V. engines on silent mountings, controlled free-wheel, clutchless gearchange, superlative brakes, hand built coachwork and luxurious finish and equipment.... But it is a rigid standard of quality at every point which has made success certain. And where cups and medals fail to impress, the opinion of any Rover owner will convince.



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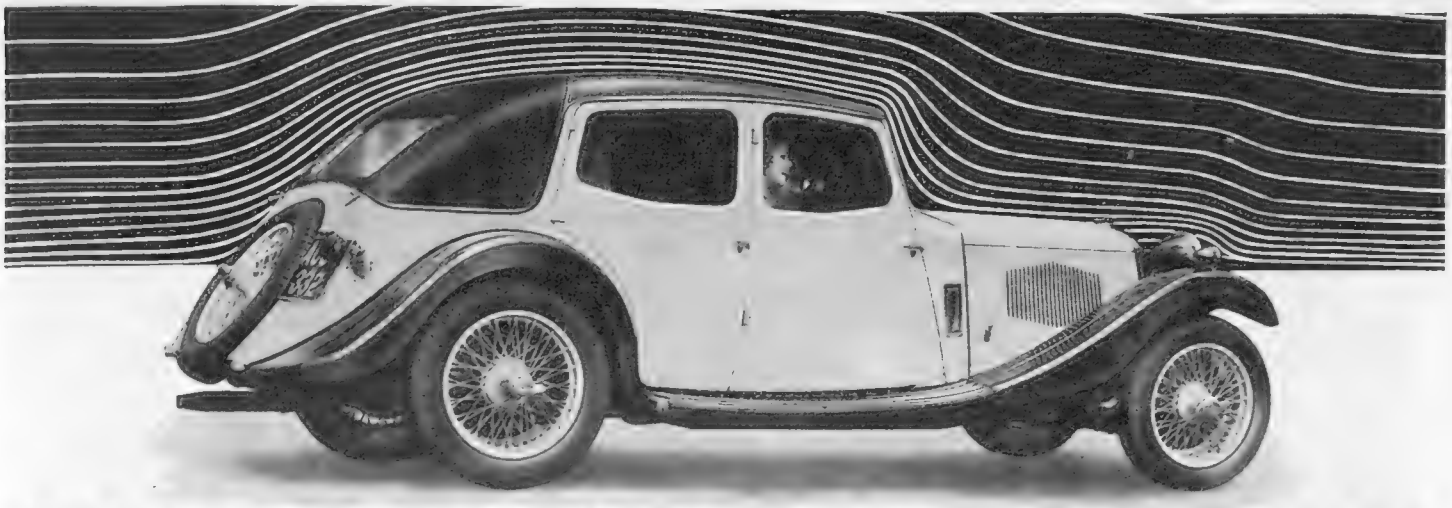

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Her article on the Morris Minor in the "Morris Owner" states:

"I don't think, for instance, that I have ever sat in a more comfortable driving seat, and that is a considered opinion. Pneumatic leather upholstery and deep long-backed separate bucket seats seem to take you in a kindly embrace, permit you to take up the exact, microscopically "best" position for the comfortable operation of wheel, pedals and controls, and gently to hold you there. I was really quite considerably impressed with this particular feature, for the fact that the seat proved just as comfortable for my husband, who is as much over as I am under what one might call average height regardless of sex, seems to suggest adjustability of an order of efficiency that I have never encountered before."

"Float-on-Air" seats on a Morris Minor.

"Float-on-Air" pneumatic seats are fitted as standard to the Morris Minor.

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Continued from page 284

With the "Hawks" at Reading

From the first test flight the Miles "Hawk" was a great success, and has since proved itself to be one of the most practical low-priced two-seaters. Fitted with a Cirrus III. A engine it costs £450, ready to fly at the reasonable cruising speed of 100 miles an hour. Figures based on actual experience are of interest to the private owner, and the following averages give an indication of the economy with which a "Hawk" can be operated. It will carry two people, with 275 lb. of luggage, at a cost of 3½d. a mile, which, translated into a journey from London to Paris, amounts to 31s. for each person. This cost includes housing, insurance, maintenance, the annual renewal of the C. of A., as well as petrol and oil, and is based on a modest flying time of 100 hours a year. The "Hawk" was designed by Mr. F. G. Miles, and is built by Phillips and Powis at Woodley Aerodrome, which is also the home of the Reading Aero Club. Towards the end of last year the N.F.S. Club, using the same aerodrome, was absorbed, the total membership being now more than 150, most of whom must be flying members, for the Club logged 1862 hours last year. Aircraft in use include Moths, a Martlet and the Hawk, rates being 50s. for instruction and 36s. an hour for solo. Members can hire aircraft for the day from £3 10s., including insurance. There is a riding school at the aerodrome, a tennis court is under construction, and Sonning Golf Course adjoins the premises, so members have plenty of scope for exercise as well as for flying a variety of machines.

Cheap Flying at Heston

Every purchaser of an aeroplane from Henlys, whether it is new or second-hand, may learn to fly it free of charge. Instruction includes eight hours' dual and short courses in air navigation, as well as care and maintenance of the aircraft. This offer does not imply that instruction must be taken at Heston, arrangements having been made with the leading schools in the country to accept pupils under this scheme. Henlys are the sole distributors for the Avro products, but they occupy a position in the second-hand market for all types very similar to that which they hold in the car trade. The "Fly Yourself" hire service, introduced by Wrightson and Pearse at Heston, has been most successful, and the fleet now includes a brand new Leopard Moth, which will be available at £4 a day and at reduced rates for longer periods. The Leopard cruises at 120 miles an hour, and therefore the hire charge represents a very considerable mileage to a good pilot. The Australian record from Darwin to Lympne has been lowered to 8 days, 12 hours, by Mr. Bernard Rubin and Mr. K. H. F. Waller, flying a Leopard on a survey flight prior to the MacRobertson Trophy Race, for which Mr. Rubin has entered a special machine.

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Should be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling, accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines, becoming sluggish, allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time! Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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"The Bystander" Ladies' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

(11th Year)

at North Berwick, JUNE 12 to 15, 1934

Holders: Mrs. H. V. Newton and Miss J. Firth

Entries close Friday, May 25th. Enter NOW

Open to all players with L.G.U. Handicaps, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, Handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, The Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Friday, May 25th.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

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Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of ..... *Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

Telephone No. .....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at North Berwick with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of ..... *Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

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Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above; or after June 8th to her at Royal Hotel, North Berwick. Telephone: 3 North Berwick

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The Bystander Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *The Royal Hotel, North Berwick*, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day each, inclusive. Special terms also at *Marine Hotel, North Berwick*; 16s. 6d. per day, single room; or 15s. each if sharing a double room.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at North Berwick on June 12th and following days. ALL ENTRANTS FOR "THE BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS

Medal play under L.G.U. handicap.
Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card.
Entries received on day of play only.

All entries for The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* The Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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GATE-CRASHER

THE Palace has been forced into the London Season, or as Lady Limelight so graphically puts it: "For me the Palace IS the Season—and the Riviera, too!"

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THE THEATRE

Plays

BIOGRAPHY.—Behrman's highbrow comedy is played with speed, intelligence, and humour by Ina Claire, as the fastidiously easy-living portrait-painter, and Laurence Olivier, as her intolerant young journalist friend: Globe, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—Cedric Hardwicke and Edith Evans continue to act inimitably in the play about the lost masterpiece of a dead artist: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—Elmer Rice's breathlessly energetic play, with Hugh Miller excellent as the Counsellor, Elspeth Duxbury as his secretary, and a cast that keeps going at top pace: Piccadilly, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes are revived twice daily: Ambassadors, 2.30 and 8.30 (except Monday).

DARK HORIZON.—Lesley Storm's play happens just before the next Armageddon; the cast includes Marda Vanne, Ann Todd, Margaret Webster, James Raglan, Ernest Jay: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DOUBLE DOOR.—Sybil Thorndike superbly Grand Guignol, and especially when she goes mad; Owen Nares as her brother, and Carol Goodner as her sister-in-law whom she claps into a vault, in a Victorian melodrama that's full of excitement and horror: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner, victim of Sanger egotism, in Margaret Kennedy's slender comedy, imbues her part with all the vitality, variety and inimitable gaiety and pathos of her personality and art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LAUGHING WOMAN.—Stephen Haggard and Veronica Turleigh perfectly matched in the sensitive vitality and beauty of their playing as Gordon Daviot's young artist and the woman who inspires, loves, and looks after him: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL.—A legal play, with Frances Doble, Malcolm Keen, Nigel Playfair, Leon M. Lion, Aubrey Mather: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

THE MASK AND THE FACE.—Jeanne de Casalis, Franklin Dyall and Ivan Sampson in a play from the Italian: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit, and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour in Robert Sherwood's play as acted by Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Cecil Parker, and Clive Currie: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RUTH DRAPER.—Last week of her three weeks' season: Haymarket, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.45.

SHE LOVES ME NOT.—Speed, wisecracks, and a hundred-and-one absurd complications make first-class entertainment in this American "rag"; Vera Marshe as Curley Flagg, a blonde cabaret girl, heads the quick-witted American contingent in the cast: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL at Stratford-on-Avon.—*Romeo and Juliet*, May 8th; *Much Ado About Nothing* (mat.) and *Julius Cæsar*, May 9th; *King Henry V.*, May 10th; *Love's Labour's Lost*, May 11th; *The Tempest* (mat.) and *Much Ado About Nothing*, May 12th; *Romeo and Juliet*, May 14th. Evenings, 8. Matinées, 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Antoinette Cellier) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Godfrey Tearle); Muriel Aked and Helen Haye are in the cast: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

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THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE.—Granville Barker's fine comedy revived, with Felix Aylmer, Maurice Evans, Dame May Whitty, Joyce Bland, in the cast: Sadler's Wells, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play;; Pierre Fresnay takes the part of the elderly Duke; perfect décor and dresses: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GEISHA.—Rose Hignell as the authentic, and Bertha Riccardo as the English geishas; the songs have lasted better than the comedy in this revival: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GOLDEN TOY.—Ludwig Berger's Arabian Night, with Peggy Ashcroft, Ion Swinley, Ernest Thesiger, Nellie Wallace: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE SISTERS.—A sentimentally spectacular musical comedy, with Charlotte Greenwood, Adèle Dixon, and Victoria Hopper as the sisters; Eliot Makeham, Stanley Holloway, and Albert Burdon as the leading men; and some real geese: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—Nelson Keys, Florence Desmond, and the Diamond Brothers are the high-lights of this star-ish revue: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

GOOD-MORNING, BILL.—Peter Haddon, Winifred Shotter, Phyllis Monkman, and Laurence Grossmith in P. G. Wodehouse's light-hearted comedy, which is as funny as ever it was: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

INDOOR FIREWORKS.—A farcical comedy with a bit too much tu-quoque humour in the family quarrels of Fay Compton, Lady Tree, Mary Brough, Reginald Gardiner: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee has now taken Robert Douglas's part: Phœnix, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

WITHOUT WITNESS.—Nicholas Hannen, Hugh E. Wright, and Joan Marion in Anthony Armstrong's and Harold Simpson's murder thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

THE DARK TOWER.—A play by George Kaufman and Alexander Woollcott, with Francis Sullivan as the sadistic husband who's murdered; Edna Best as his wife, and Basil Sydney: Shaftesbury, May 10.

OPERA AND DANCING

COVENT GARDEN.—*Fidelio*, May 8th, 8.30; *Rheingold*, May 9th, 8.30; *Fidelio*, May 10th, 8.30; *Schwanda*, by Weinberger, conducted by Clemens Krauss, May 11th, 8.30; *Walküre*, May 14th, 5.45.

ANGNA ENTERS.—Her brilliant miming will be seen in three recitals that combine dancing, acting and music: Ambassadors, May 11th (mat.) May 14th (evening), May 16th (mat.).

CINEMAS

COMING-OUT PARTY.—Light comedy, with Frances Dee, Gene Raymond, and Alison Skipworth. And *I Believed in You*, with Rosemary Ames and John Boles: Capitol.

CRAINQUEBILLE.—Tramel as the costermonger hero of Anatole France's famous study of Parisian coster life: Academy.

FASHIONS OF 1934.—Racketeering in the fashion world is perpetrated by William Powell and Bette Davis, with lovely mannequins all around: Regal.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT.—Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert make an excellent sentimental team in an amusing comedy, directed by Frank Capra: Tivoli.

LADY OF THE BOULEVARDS.—Anna Sten's first star part in the film of Emile Zola's *Nana*: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MAN OF ARAN.—Robert Flaherty's epic of the Western Islands of Ireland, with a cast of islanders, has its world première: New Gallery.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS.—With Francis Lederer as hero Plaza.

MORGENROT.—The brilliantly photographed German U-boat film has Rudolf Forster as the Commander, Else Knott, Fritz Geuschow and Adele Sandrock in the cast; last week: Curzon.

ROMAN SCANDALS.—Eddie Cantor's new riot of nonsense, aided by Ruth Etting, Gloria Stuart, and lots of girls: Leicester Square Theatre.

SCARLET EMPRESS.—Marlene Dietrich appears, an interesting contrast to the Bergner, as Catherine of Russia: Carlton, from May 10th.

VIVA VILLA.—Wallace Beery in a drama all about Mexican bandits, with Fay Wray and Katherine de Mille: Empire.

WONDER BAR.—Al Jolson's singing, dancing, and humour are his best yet; the star cast of this musical comedy includes Dolores del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Dick Powell: Carlton.

MUSIC

Orchestral

LONDON MUSIC FESTIVAL.—With B.B.C. Orchestra. *Daily Telegraph* winning overture, Bax's Fifth Symphony, Tchaikowsky piano concerto No. 1, Elgar's Enigma Variations; Adrian Boult conducts, Horowitz is the soloist: Queen's Hall, May 9th, 8.15.

Schubert's Seventh Symphony, Strauss's Don Quixote, Meistersingers Overture; Bruno Walter conducts, Emanuel Feuermann is the soloist: Queen's Hall, May 11th, 8.15.

Mozart's piano concerto in D minor, played by Bruno Walter, Bruckner's Ninth Symphony and Te Deum; Bruno Walter conducts: Queen's Hall, May 14th, 8.15.

CHARITY CONCERT.—Before the King and Queen, in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund. Richard Tauber, Eva Turner, Conchita Supervia, and the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, with Sir Henry Wood conducting: Albert Hall, May 11th, 8.30.

Recitals

CONCHITA SUPERVIA, HOROWITZ, and PIATIGORSKY.—In aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.30.

MARIAN ANDERSON.—Song recital: Aeolian Hall, May 9th, 8.30.

ETIENNE AMYOT and the Brosa String Quartette: Aeolian Hall, May 10th, 8.15.

LILY PONS.—Song recital, first appearance in London: Albert Hall, May 13th, 3.

ADELA VERNE.—Chopin-Liszt recital: Wigmore Hall, May 13th, 3.

ALBERT SAMMONS.—Sonata recital with Evlyn Howard-Jones: Grotrian Hall, May 10th, 8.15.

KENDALL TAYLOR.—Piano recital, with a Bach-to-Berg programme: Wigmore Hall, May 12th, 3.

(*Continued on page C*)

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What's On

(Continued from page B)

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Sophie Tucker is here for a short season: Roy Fox and his band play for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea and his band play dance music and the Three Rhythm Aces play and sing in cabaret. Hostesses' nights are Wednesday and Friday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Good food and good wine, with no music, for lunch, dinner or supper: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The Paradise Club Girls are here now, loveliest of all, with Edith Roarke as queen-lovely, Sunny O'Rea as star dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new Grosvenor Gaieties, with some lovely English girls, dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moscheto's and Syd Lipton's bands: extension night, Thursday.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Beatrice Lillie is back here, with her songs and mimicry; Jack Harris makes music to dance to: extension night, Thursday.

ODDENINO'S.—In the restaurant one can dine and dance; in the Bavarian brasserie one can eat and drink Continental fashion.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

Ballrooms

"PLAYING FIELDS'" BALL: Dorchester, to-night.

"BIG BEN" BALL.—For funds for the Conservative Film Association: Grosvenor House, May 9.

"FRIENDS OF THE POOR" BALL: 33, Grosvenor Square, May 10th.

KEMPTON JUBILEE RACE BALL: Savoy, May 11th.

INTERNATIONAL BALL.—In aid of League of Nations Union funds: Dorchester, May 14th.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL ACADEMY: Burlington House.

AUSTRIAN EXHIBITION: Dorland Hall, Regent Street, to May 12th.

CATHLEEN MANN.—Exhibition of portraits and costume designs: Knoedler's Galleries, Bond Street.

INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT EXHIBITION: Horticultural Hall, to May 12th.

CHILDREN THROUGHOUT THE AGES.—In aid of Greater London Fund for the Blind: Chesterfield House.

FLOWER SHOW: Horticultural Hall, May 8—9.

TERRIER CLUB SHOW: Olympia, May 8th.

SPORT

CRICKET.—Australia v. Cambridge: Cambridge, May 9th.

Australia v. M.C.C.: Lord's, May 12th, 14th, 15th.

GOLF.—Walker Cup (Great Britain v. U.S.A.): St. Andrews, May 11th—12th.

Silver Trophy: St. George's Hill, May 12th.

Open Amateur Tournament: Bournemouth, from May 14th.

British Open Championship (Women): Royal Porthcawl, May 11th—17th.

TENNIS.—Hurlingham, May 7th—12th

Harrogate, May 9th—12th.

Chiswick, from May 14th.

West Kensington, from May 14th.

POLO.—Whitney Cup: Hurlingham, from May 12th.

RACING.—Chester, May 8th—10th (Chester Cup, May 9th).

Kempton, May 11th—12th.

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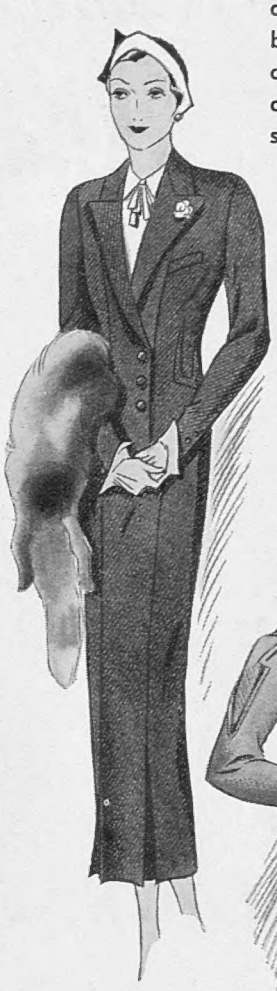

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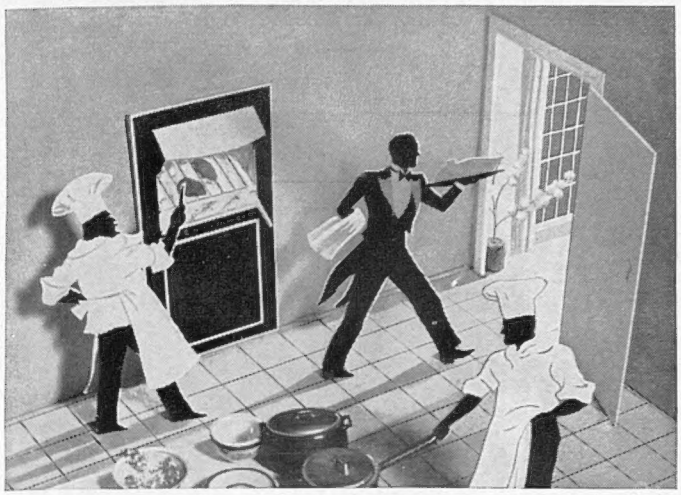

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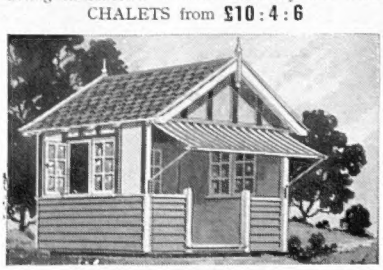

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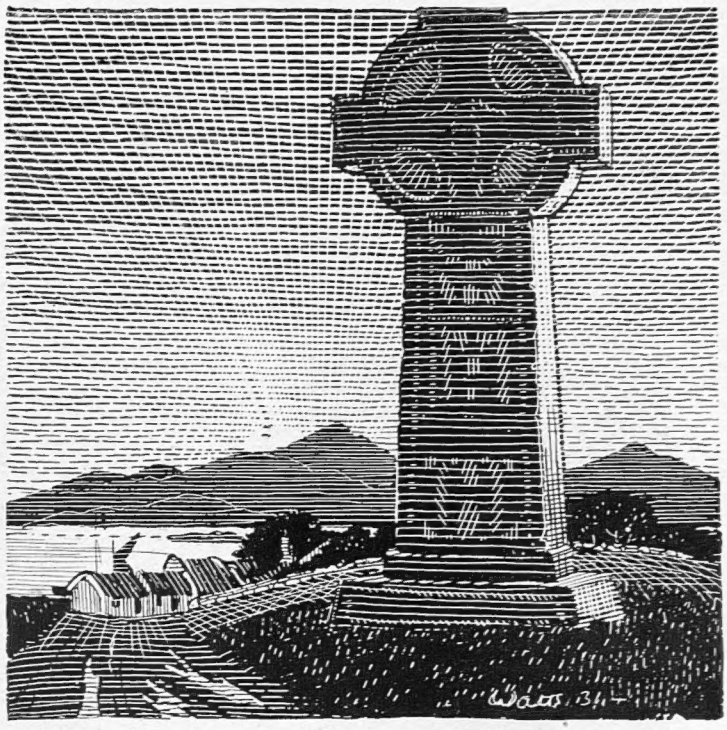

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